THE PAPER THAT PUTS NEW LIFE INTO YOU

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 42. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING AUGUST 21, 1909. ONE PENNY.

Oatine FACE CREAM

Is this on your Dressing Table?

If not, you can have it there FREE!

Oatine Face Cream should be on every Dressing Table, as all who value their comfort and appearance insist on having it there. It is the one thing that keeps the skin healthy, and the complexion clear and clean. It not only makes the skin look clean, but makes it feel clean, which is equally important.

Oatine Face Cream is as valuable to men as it is to ladies. It is manufactured from the healing essence of the finest Oats, and is a natural cleansing agent. It does what soap and water cannot do: it gets down into the pores and clears away the dirt and grime embedded there. The dirt within or below the skin is the root of all complexion troubles, and unless this is removed it is impossible to possess a really healthy skin or perfect complexion.

Oatine Face Cream effectively relieves the irritation occasioned by shaving owing to its healing properties. It should be gently rubbed in immediately after shaving, or better still, rubbed into the beard overnight or before the morning shave, as this has the effect of softening the beard in the most astonishing manner, rendering shaving far easier and simpler than it is in the ordinary way.

Oatine Shaving Cream.—To ensure a clean and comfortable shave use good shaving soap, such as either the **Oatine Shaving Cream** (in tubes), or the **Oatine Shaving Stick**, both of which are British-made and most carefully prepared for the purpose, the cream giving a heavy, and the stick a lighter, close-lying lather, but being alike in this, that both give a free, smooth, lasting and agreeable lather, that will not dry on the face. If you have have not tried either of the **Oatine Soaps** for shaving, do so without delay.

Oatine Talcum Powder sprinkled on a towel and wiped over the face will be found to be very soothing when the skin is at all tender.

OUR OFFER.

TO LADIES.

We shall be pleased to send to all ladies answering this advertisement a dainty box containing a sample of each of the following preparations:—**Oatine Cream, Balm, Face Powder, Soap, Talcum Powder, Tooth Paste, Soap in Tubes, and Kylets,** together with a free copy of our book, "Beauty Hints," which shows how the Oatine Preparations should be used, and face massage conducted. The dainty box of samples and the booklet are sent absolutely free to all sending 3d. in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing.

TO MEN.

We have made arrangements to send to all gentlemen answering this advertisement a single sample of either **Oatine Cream, Oatine Shaving Soap** or **Oatine Shaving Cream,** or for 3d. in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing, we will send a box of eight of the Oatine preparations including those of special interest to men, **Oatine Cream, Talcum Powder, Shaving Stick,** and **Shaving Cream.** We recommend all gentlemen to send for these without delay and personally test these unique preparations.

THE OATINE CO., 79, DENMAN STREET, S.E.

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FREE TRIAL of SANDOW'S Spring-Grip DUMB-BELLS

FOR EVERY READER OF "MODERN MAN."

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test the benefits to be derived from the use of **SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS,** fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will dispatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-Bells you have selected. Use them *free of charge* for seven days, and at the end of this time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for **2/6** as your first payment, and the Balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of **2/6** each.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, return them to our address, and *no charge whatsoever will be made.*

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This Chart contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-Bells.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY AND STRONG.

Everybody has the opportunity of proving the truth of the claim we make for the Grip Dumb-Bells. No references or other formalities are necessary—we trust you. We don't wish to labour the point, fill in the form below and try them for yourself for 7 days free of all cost.

The surest and quickest way to health and strength is systematic exercise, and the ideal exercise is obtained by regular use of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells. They give every muscle and organ of the body that exercise which nature *demands*, because, if perfect health and strength are to be acquired, exercise is as necessary as food.

Although such splendid results are derived from the use of the Bells the exercises only take about fifteen minutes to perform, but they contain all the beneficial movements of a day's outdoor exercise.

Why exercise with the Bells has a remedial as well as a strengthening effect is easily explained. If the muscles are not in a strong, healthy condition the various functions of the body cannot be performed in a proper manner, and such common complaints as Indigestion and Constipation are caused by the stomach muscles being in a weak and unhealthy condition. When these muscles are strengthened by proper exercise, stomach troubles are relieved.

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Some may ask, "Is it really possible for naturally delicate people to gain health and strength by using the Grip Dumb-Bells?"

We answer, "Yes, it is possible; in fact, it has been done in innumerable cases," and we are prepared to prove our assertion. The Bells have brought health and strength to thousands, and they can do the same for you.

The springs being removable, the Dumb-Bells can be adjusted to suit the weakest invalid or the strongest athlete. Nickel-plated, packed in handsome box, with polishing cloth. One pair will last a lifetime.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bell Co., Room 39, Sandow Hall, Burleigh Street, Strand. Date.....190

Gentlemen,—Please send me by return, post free, one pair* of your

Gentlemen's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells at ... ... **12s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 18 and upwards.

Youths' ... ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 14 to 18.

Ladies' ... ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 16 and upwards.

This order is given on condition that after seven days' *Free Trial*, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I MAY RETURN THEM DIRECT TO THE ABOVE ADDRESS and NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER WILL BE MADE.

Signed .....

Address .....

* Please cross out sizes not required. .....

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without the aid of science. But for science there would be no electric trams or trains, no telegraph or telephone. Manufactures would cease their activities, and even the oldest of industries—Agriculture—would be sadly crippled. In introducing a new work on science entitled

SCIENCE IN MODERN LIFE

to "The Modern Man" therefore, we shall not need to emphasise its unique importance. It describes in a non-technical way the progress of science and its influence on modern life, providing reading that is at once interesting and instructive, fascinating and informative. It is a book which should be read by father and son too; indeed it carries a message for all.

The Editor is Prof. J. R. Ainsworth Davis, M.A., and it is contributed to by eleven other Scientists of repute.

Two Movable Models (of a Frog and Rose) will be Given Free.

Every "Modern Man" should send for our Free Illustrated Booklet describing the Book, and our simple plan by which it can be obtained for an outlay of a few shillings a month only.

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CASH FOR READERS

A Word in Your Ear by the Editor of Brett's Publications.

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SEND YOUR PHOTO TO-DAY.

Names of Winners appear weekly in each publication.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 21ST, 1909. ONE PENNY.

...D A MAN MARRY?

...TION OF THE GREAT PROBLEM.

...n marries and has a family to ... certainly given hostages to for... ...ot afford to be as independent as ... man. But then the unmarried ...ford to be very independent nowa... ...ade bad everywhere and two men, ...ady to jump into every man's job, ...ally afford to play fast and loose ... and run the risk of being thrown ...ment.

...ly, there are many employers ...to take advantage of an employee ...; they keep him working on at the ... year after year and threaten him ... if he dare to ask for a rise. On ..., there *are* employers who regard ... employees as among their best ...t them well accordingly; not from ... kindly, or charitable motives— ...o kindness or charity in business: ...Cherryble are dead—but because ...y get the best work out of them, ... value for their wages.

...yers will tell you that the clerk ...to the gay order of bachelors is ...ot invariably, a slacker, that he ...than he can help doing, watches ...ssantly, plays about, does any... ...t he is paid to do, every chance ...that the next best worker to the ...is the employee who is engaged

...ith the girl of his heart is un... ...finest lodestar a young man can ...s aside the foolish extravagances ...ns of his unattached days; he be... ...his money, to think more of the ... of life and less of its follies; and ...ecomes a more useful member of

...a man knows that his employer ...ntage of him if he marries, and ...rise, considering he has him in ...To that young man I would say, ...ld your tongue. Marry, that is, ...re in a position to do so. Don't ...iage; if you can't keep a wife, be

...t an incentive of some kind to ...ncentive all the world over is love ...ney or fame in some cases, but ...e of those nearest and dearest to

...man's prospects are not of the ... he go on toiling and living on ... while the years drag by and the ...ves loses her beauty? Would I ... in this case to marry? By all ...ld. Marry and chance it. Two ...nage all right on what one has ...neagre.

...ge life loses its greyness, becomes ... takes on a new charm.

C. J. RANSOME.

CHEEK.

The "Daily Mirror" reported that Mr. Latham "lit a cigarette with trembling fingers." Really these inventors might leave the already declining match trade alone.

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Blériot at Sangatte took things pretty coolly—but when we heard he had arrived at Dover we knew he was Bléri—ot. (With apologies to the French Pronouncing Dictionary.)

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A boy of only two and a half years of age came before the Wycombe Board of Guardians, and was said to be constantly using "awful language" in the workhouse. If this promising child is not immediately trained with a view to becoming a Yeomanry Sergeant-Major, his brilliant future will be nipped in the bud.

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A party of lady dancers were recently mistaken for Suffragettes in Hull. For a few minutes they must have imagined that the place was spelt with an "e."

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The Government is now using the gramophone to reproduce short speeches on the Budget by the Premier, Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Winston Churchill—which creates a "record," of course.

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Mr. Percival Spencer, the well-known aeronaut, believes in "rising with the lark." Some aeroplanists seem to find more difficulty in emulating that excellent bird's proverbial achievement than the "boys" do after a night out.

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Thousands of people congregated at the departure of the "Terriers" for camp. In more stirring times the British public are always eager to go—"and see 'em off."

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"Drink only" is said to be the chief cause of the destitution among the able-bodied inmates of Willesden Workhouse. Mr. Lloyd-George must feel hurt to think that his tax on tobacco passes unnoticed in this way.

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A book on "Guards" tells a Territorial sentry exactly what to do when "Told Off." A lay reader deplores this unblushing encouragement of wholesale abuse even in our Territorial Army.

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A Scenic Railway is an exciting contrivance on which you leave your heart at the top of the incline and catch it at the bottom if you are lucky.

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Parliament won't "go to the country," but when the representative farmers journeyed to St. Stephen's, the country went to Parliament.

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In one of the scenes of a play, we read, an actor disguised himself as a scarecrow. Disguise is not necessary in the case of some actors we have observed in the Strand.

J. B. PONDERS.

GROUSE DRIVING.

A PROTEST.

The grouse shooting season is now in full swing, and on the majority of moors the savagery of driving is being practised.

Butts, as they are called, are constructed out of lumps of turf and heather. They are really small huts without a roof, and inside is placed either a heap of turf or a camp stool on which the sportsman may seat himself at his ease. Many moors are dotted thickly with such butts, and they look like gigantic green ant-hills.

When the day's shooting has been arranged and the party duly divided up and disposed amongst different butts, the beaters commence their work.

They are ranged in a semi-circle, sometimes as much as a couple of miles distant from the butts, and they gradually work towards them, driving the grouse in front of them.

As the birds swoop across above the butts, the alleged sportsman fires at them and brings them to earth.

And they call this sport.

One does not need to be a humanitarian or a crank to feel one's gorge rise at men who can enjoy this form of butchery.

A butcher is a respectable and useful tradesman. It is his work to slaughter animals for the provision of food, but if he took a delight in the process of slaughtering, he would be only a brute.

That is all that these arm-chair sportsmen are.

I would not have it thought for one moment, that I am opposed to shooting. To kill things is a primal instinct in a man, and there are few men of the right sort who would not go in for shooting if they could afford to do so, but there are no men of the right sort who would go in for shooting on unfair terms.

It is sport where you give your quarry a chance; it is butchery when you make its death a practical certainty.

There are many of those pseudo sportsmen who would be the first to condemn the working man who coursed rabbits. They would call him a brute. So, perhaps, he is; but so are they.

The next development of this form of so-called sport, will be to have the birds trapped and hung up in cages and potted at till they are all shot.

To shoot driven grouse is to rob the birds of their due chance of escape, to brutalise yourself, and to deprive shooting of its chief charm, which is its delightful uncertainty.

Our newspapers give us long lists of those who have taken moors for the grouse season, and also of the guests whom they are entertaining. Let them supplement these lists with others, giving the names of those who have their birds driven to them.

Public opinion is powerful, and the average Briton is a sportsman to whom anything in the nature of foul play is abhorrent. Public opinion should be directed against the cruel and incompetent people who have their birds driven.

DAVID COOPER.

A Day's Pike Trolling

AN ARTICLE FOR THE MAN TO WHOM FISHING APPEALS.

The morning dawned dark and cloudy, and there was rain in the air. As we were gathered at the breakfast table our host suggested a day's pike fishing, and we all four heartily acquiesced.

Breakfast over, we searched out our fishing tackle. Being the first day since the last season, it was rather hard to get it together; but at last we did so, and surveyed the result with pride.

We had four strong lines. These were twisted round pieces of wood which our friend with the carpentering taste had hastily made. They were shaped inwards at each end in order to facilitate the winding of the lines.

While three of us had been hunting up the lines and artificial bait, the fourth, with the assistance of a net of finely meshed muslin and the undivided attention of some stable boys, succeeded in capturing some live bait in the shape of "colliers" and a few frogs.

"Colliers," I might mention, are a small river fish of about an ounce in weight, and equipped with projecting whiskers. They are not to be confounded with the ordinary minnow.

THE START.

As regards artificial bait, we had a couple of Colorado spoons, some ordinary silver and gold spoons, a few artificial minnows, and three Archer spinners on which to put the live bait. We also rescued several empty whisky bottles from the pantry; their particular use will be evident later on.

Packing everything in our baskets, and taking a landing net and a rod, we mounted our bicycles.

The day still kept up its threatening aspect.

Merrily we span along, up hill and down dale, till at last, after an hour's riding, we reached our destination. As we walked from the road across the fields, we could see the boat lying near the water's edge.

The fishing grounds were a number of natural lakes. At last we were in the boat, and, with a shove outwards, we left the shore behind.

We drifted idly while we attached our baits, our first selections being a "collier," a Colorado spoon and a Devonshire minnow.

THE FIRST KILL.

We dropped these over the side, and, while we carefully paid out the lines, the boat moved steadily forward.

We had gone about two hundred yards when one of us got a tug. Cautiously he began to draw in his line, dropping it in coils at his feet. It is necessary to keep the line very taut all the time, because, by a peculiar formation of the pike's mouth, he can swallow the bait and then vomit it up.

At last we could see the long, green body appearing on the surface of the water. Slowly it was pulled nearer. A quick movement of the landing net, and our first blood was in the boat.

He was a real beauty, well over seven pounds—allowing for the usual discrepancy of a fisherman's tale—and we quickly killed him by driving the blade of a knife between his eyes.

After a spell of no luck we tried new tactics. Each of us took an empty whisky bottle, and fitted it with a cork and a twelve-foot line tied round the neck. On the line we fixed a hook, and on the hook suspended a frog. We dropped these contraptions at one side of the lake and allowed them to drift across with the wind.

This done, we went on shore and partook of the contents of a goodly-sized luncheon basket. Our appetites had been whetted by the fresh air, and we did the fare more than justice. The meal took less than half-an-hour, and after a smoke we rowed out again.

FAIR LUCK WITH THE BOTTLES.

A good breeze had now sprung up, and fish began to bite freely. In an incredibly short space of time we had got five large pike in the boat, the Colorado spoon being responsible for two; it is a splendid bait this, with its little red tail, for a dark day and deep water.

We again drew in our lines and paid a visit to the whisky bottles, which had now floated across. On the lines attached to two of them we found pike between four and six pounds. Taking all the bottles into the boat, we again baited them and sent them adrift.

We now rowed to a corner of the lake where it was impossible to troll owing to its shallowness and narrow breadth. Here the rod came in useful, and in about twenty minutes we had four more pike of about one or two pounds each.

Between the next lake and the one we were on was a rather choked-up stream. By taking off our socks and boots, however, we managed to push the boat along the intervening fifty yards, and eventually we got through.

WHAT "TRIMMERS" ARE.

Here we dropped out some "trimmers." These are square pieces of cork painted white on one side and red on the other. A small stick runs through a hole in the middle. They are baited in the same way as a whisky bottle, but they possess the advantage that, when they are taken by a fish, the opposite colour turns up and remains so until the fish is released. This saves an undue amount of exertion in having to look after them often, as the colours are distinguishable a long way off.

Dropping out our lines, we left the "trimmers" to their fate. In a few minutes one of us had a bite, and for upwards of an hour we killed as rapidly as we let down our lines, that is, one in about every five minutes.

But everything—good things included, unfortunately—comes to an end, and at last it was time to go home, for the sun was already setting behind the hills. And our day's pike-trolling was but a memory, and its repetition a happy anticipation.

C. GODFREY-KILROY.

THE KING AS SMOKER.

King Edward is not an inveterate smoker, that is, he does not smoke to what Max Pemberton would call "abominable excess"; but when he wants a smoke he doesn't like to have to wait for it.

Not very long ago he was strolling unattended in the neighbourhood of Sandringham, when he thought he would be none the worse for a cigar. He put one in his mouth, and then discovered that he had no matches.

Hurrying to the nearest cottage, he asked its mistress for a light.

You can imagine her disgust when she found that her husband had put the matchbox (the only one the house could boast) in his pocket before he set out for work that morning.

With many an awkward curtsey she broke the direful news to the King.

"Oh, never mind," replied his Majesty; "we'll manage all right."

And taking a letter from his pocket, he tore off a piece, which he conveyed from the wood fire to his cigar.

"I'd never ha' thought o' that," said the old dame, when she related the story afterwards. "You see what it is to have a king's cleverness!"

MALE EMOTIONS.

IV. HOPE.

A study of the masculine emotions, such as is being attempted here, brings one acutely to realise several curious facts. One is, that they are all so closely related to one another that it is seldom the individual is swayed and dominated by a single emotion at a single moment.

When we are aware that a particular emotion is pre-eminent, immediately other emotions seem to take their birth from it. The reality that one is in love, for instance, is the creator of hope, joy, fear, desire, jealousy—in fact, the whole gamut of human sensations.

Another curious but indubitable fact is that man possesses a far wider range of sensations than any other animate specimen upon this planet Earth.

Many emotions arise instinctively from that one primal instinct, the instinct of self-preservation, and are felt by the animals as well as ourselves. Fear and hate shown by animals in their wild state against enemies, are emotions stark and terrible.

But there are emotions of which the animals know nothing, emotions that spring from that other essence in man—his soul, his intellectuality; call it what you will. And of them is Hope.

There may be some who will ask: "How do you know that animals do not hope?"

Nothing exists without producing an effect and I have never been able to observe any evidence of hope in animals.

A dog will cock his ears when he hears a knife or a spoon clattering on a plate, but that is not an evidence of hope for food; it merely shows that he has come to associate the sound with his feeding time; it shows that he possesses what psychologists call the association of ideas.

That we *hope* is remarkable testimony to the wonderful character of our natures, for hope is essentially brought about by imagination.

Only by imagining the things we desire, can we hope for them. Only by imagining the things we fear, can we hope to escape them. Only by hoping can we get to our feet when being floored by a blow from Fate.

We are told that "hope springs eternal in the human breast." I can never understand why that aphorism obtained the notoriety it has done. It is as unnecessary as saying that to breathe is essential to human life. Hope may fairly be called the lungs of the soul, just as love is its heart.

I avoid enumerating any of the things a man hopes for. To a great extent hope is one of our secret emotions. We do not care to confess what it is we hope for. Constantly we lie about it, not from the motive of cowardice, but because we are sensitive to laying bare what is probably the most sacred thing in our life.

Again, a man may be reticent about his ambition because he is ashamed of what the hope is. If you will forgive the damnable fault of reiteration, I will say what I have said in a previous article. It is that the best emotions can be misused.

Hope of success, or fame, or the love of the one woman; or hope for the welfare of others—these are good, and the stronger the hope the purer will be the attempts to achieve it.

But there are hopes the antitheses of these—hopes for evil things. They arise out of a mind streaked by indulgence of other and baser emotions.

It is worth while remembering the interdependability of the emotions. One reacts upon the other. If we would be what is the best a man can hope for, namely—a strength and defence to the weak, respectful of honour and uprightness, admirers of courage, and so on (you must know as well as I do what constitutes manliness), we must get to grips with emotions that would throttle us if we don't perform a similar operation on them first.

One that deserves no quarter is *Envy*. You shall hear about that next week.

C. WOLFE.

THE MAKING OF PETER HALL

A TERRITORIAL STORY.

By F. FENTON-SMITH.

t may interest you all to know," said Mr. r Hall, with the air of a man reading a al Proclamation, as he entered one morn- his own more luxurious sanctum, "that I e decided to become a Territorial."

he three clerks who were trying to look as hey had been there at least an hour instead ten minutes, gaped in incredulous amaze- t.

Yes," continued Mr. Hall, "I was last night sted a member of the local battalion of the lshires—as a private, mind you, not an cer. Where the service of one's country is erned, one man is as good as another, and ntend to go through the mill until I have ned my promotion from the ranks."

The Midshires, sir?" said Geoffrey Landale, youngest of the three, yet always the spokes- n. "I was thinking of joining the corps self."

Mr. Hall's face fell.

I cannot say that I am altogether pleased hear that, Landale. Our positions as ployer and employee would inevitably com- cate our relations in military life. However, at I have just told you will perhaps lead you reconsider your plans."

And Mr. Hall passed into his private office.

"Jolly old sport," chuckled the office boy.

* * * * * *

During the next few weeks Peter Hall spent evenings assiduously putting in drills in der that he might be entitled to draw his vate's pay during the fast approaching camp. He was a prosperous man, if not a wealthy , but he had always an eye to the main ance.

The very cause of his joining the Force was quite the whole-hearted patriotism that he ofessed.

It had occurred to him that as a Territorial would have opportunities of mixing among fellow men, and those of the very age and ss for whom he catered, while the mere fact his being the only considerable business man Bexminster who had joined would be worth uch as an advertisement to him.

An eye to business also had considerably ore to do with his becoming a private instead an officer than any ideas as to the equality mankind, for he confidently anticipated that would be treated with the respect due to his sition, and classed rather with the officers than men.

Moreover, he made no doubt of his capacity become the popular idol of the battalion and ill-fellow-well-met with every member of it.

He was glad to note that young Landale did ot appear at any of the recruit drills, nor did ever bring a rifle to the office before drill-nights, as Mr. Hall himself invariably did, making his way with it proudly through the busiest streets of Bexminster. His authority in the office would not be undermined after all, for his word of warning had evidently had effect.

Had he but known it, that rifle was a very useful indication to Geoffrey of the nights on which it was inadvisable to put in an appearance at the Drill Hall, for on every other parade he was to be found, learning his drill with a keenness and quickness which won the Sergeant-Major's heart.

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At last came the day when the battalion proceeded to camp—military units never "go" anywhere, they always "proceed" according to most regimental orders, and Peter Hall, who, with his shortness of stature, pince-nez and pomposity, made a quaint little figure in uniform, bustled on to the parade ground among the first.

In the middle of a one-sided conversation with his neighbour in the rapidly forming ranks, he chanced to look to his front.

At first he could not believe his eyes. Then he wished that the ground of the market square might open and swallow him up.

In front of the company, with a sword at his side, stood Landale, a full-fledged subaltern.

This was awful. If only he had had the sense to take a commission!—but then that would have been no use from a business point of view.

At that moment the bugles sounded the "fall in," and Private Hall was too busy seeing that his rifle-butt was exactly in line with his toes, and that his toes were exactly in line with other people's toes, to pay any further attention to this boy who had the impertinence to become an officer while he, his employer, was only a private.

"Mr. Landale," shouted the Captain, "kindly tell off and prove your half-company independently."

The sections were told off and numbered.

"Form fours!" yelled Geoffrey in the approved intonation. "Now then, that man in the front rank, what the devil are you playing at? Don't you know your number?"

"Yes, sir. Five, sir," gasped the flustered Private Hall.

"As you were. Form—Fours. Right. Good heavens, sir, don't you know your right from your left?"

The wretched Mr. Hall floundered on through the movements that he had known backwards in the drill-hall, his discomfiture rendered no less acute by the broad grin on the faces of his neighbours.

By the time they moved off for the station Peter Hall's rage was at boiling point, and he was cursing the day that he ever brought this galling subjection to discipline upon himself.

* * * * * * *

A few days later a little tea-party of three was in progress in the officers' lines of the Midshire Regiment, now settling down to the hard work of camp.

Distinctions of rank were for the moment forgotten, and subaltern, N.C.O. and private lolled in well-earned repose upon the ground.

"I say, Geoff," remarked Sergeant Harrison to his host, "aren't you going it a bit strong with Peter? The poor little devil's led a dog's life on parade just lately—at any rate when you've been in command, and he isn't such a bad sort really—now we've knocked some of the side out of him."

"Too strong! I'm going to put it on a bit stronger yet. Do you chaps know what the little blighter had the face to do this morning? You remember when we were attacking that little hill, and fairly sweating our insides out to get there before that section of 'B' Company? Well, I cursed the worthy Peter pretty roundly because he wouldn't move faster than a walk, and then sat up at each halt and mopped his manly brow instead of taking cover."

"Yes, I heard you pitching into him," said Harrison, "but he's not exactly made for sprinting, you know."

"Well I'm blessed if he didn't stand up and say: 'Mr. Landale, you seem to forget that you are addressing your chief. I should like to say here and now that I shall not require your services at the office after our return from this—er—extremely unpleasant experience, and I wish to pay you on the first opportunity a month's wages in lieu of notice'—*wages*, mark you. And half the company heard him.

"I don't mind getting the sack, for, of course, I had reckoned on that when I started in to get some of my own back, but the firing line isn't exactly the place for giving notice."

"It seems to me," said Private Lane languidly, "that Peter Hall is coming out somewhere near the top this journey."

"You wait a bit," said Landale. "He's on guard to-night!"

* * * * * * *

The hour was between 11 p.m. and 1 a.m., and it was unpleasantly dark.

At least so thought Private Peter Hall as he marched up and down his beat with bayonet fixed and fingers numb with cold.

Suppose he should encounter some desperate ruffian with designs on the mess plate, or suppose the horses of the mounted infantry company should stampede in his direction, or suppose——

Good heavens! What was that?

Three figures loomed up out of the darkness not ten yards away.

Rooted to the ground with terror, but with a dim recollection of the procedure ordained by the drill book for such occasions, Private Hall whispered in a voice that he scarcely recognised as his own: "Halt! Who comes there?"

You see, he had studied the drill book and he did *not* say: "Who *goes* there?"

The dark figures continued to advance.

"Halt! Who comes there?" quavered Private Hall hurriedly, but a little louder.

No answer.

Peter Hall brought his bayonet to the charge.

"Halt-who-goes-there-guard-turn-out!" he yelled all in one breath.

The very sound of his own voice made him a man again.

"As you were!" he shouted. "Just wait till I've had a go at him first."

Peter hurled his rifle on the ground, and, lowering his head, charged the foremost of the three men.

The sergeant of the guard, as he tumbled sleepily out of the guard tent, lantern in one hand and rifle in the other, heard the dull sound of two bodies meeting with some force, two muffled oaths, the sound of two pairs of feet retiring in the distance, and then two hearty laughs.

Then he stumbled over something on the ground, and next minute he drew himself up and saluted it wonderingly.

In the circle of light from the lantern sat Lieutenant Landale, while opposite to him sat the sentry on duty groping vainly in the grass for a pair of pince-nez. And both were laughing.

"Sergeant," said Private Hall, "when I have found my glasses, I think you had better put me under arrest. I have struck my superior officer."

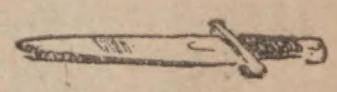
"Struck him! I should think you had," said the sufferer, his hand still clasped to his waistcoat. "You've pretty well taken all the wind out of him, too. I didn't think you had the pluck to do it."

"Well I suppose I shall get dismissed, cashiered, or whatever you call it, but——"

"Don't you think we'd better cry quits, sir, and start again?" said Landale.

"Righto," said the once pompous Mr. Hall.

And employee and employer, officer and private, shook hands.



Sporting Bounders

THE POINTS IN WHICH THEY DIFFER FROM SPORTSMEN.

Many bounders long to shine as sportsmen. That is a worthy ambition, but the motives that prompt it are unworthy.

The sporting bounder wants to figure as a sportsman, not from any genuine love of sport, but because it is the "thing," you know, and more particularly because in sporting circles he has an opportunity of meeting, on more or less equal and friendly terms, men and gentlemen, who at other times and in other places would not tolerate him at any price.

He strives desperately hard to play the sportsman, this type of bounder; indeed, his efforts in this direction are almost pathetic in their earnestness, but they are foredoomed to failure—the cloven hoof *will* peep out.

To begin with, he generally gives the show and himself away in his dress.

THE REAL SPORTSMAN'S TOGS.

Your true sportsman's get-up is quiet, workmanlike, almost shabby, except that it is always neat and clean. His garments are designed strictly for use, not for show, and he clings to the well-worn coats and breeches that have served him so long and faithfully.

The bounder, on the other hand, is always resplendent. He is a perfect gold-mine to the sporting tailors, from whom he is always ready to take the latest eccentricity in shooting coats, riding breeches and so on. He spends a small fortune on patent gloves, boots, stocks and ties, and he has enough hats, caps and head-coverings of all descriptions to start a hatter in a large way of business. The nett result is to make himself deplorably conspicuous and often supremely ridiculous.

I met such a one recently on the golf links, which, in England at least, are too much the resort of the moneyed cad. There is practically no danger in golf, and so it attracts to itself sporting bounders who haven't the nerve for shooting, hunting and other field sports, though goodness knows I am not sneering at a fine game.

WHAT GAVE HIM AWAY.

It was only a little thing that gave this particular bounder away. His Norfolk jacket and breeches were right enough, and while one might have taken exception to his wearing a hunting stock for golf, still a stock is comfortable and suitable enough for most games, but his stockings betrayed him.

They were loud neither in colour nor pattern, but they were adorned with a sort of violet coloured tassel hanging down from the turnover. That was enough; it revealed the bounder who bedecks himself with unnecessary adornments, and I was not in the least surprised to find afterwards that the tasselled individual in question was the son of a successful tradesman.

The sporting bounder also gives himself away in the tools and implements of the sport or game he follows. The genuine sportsman confines himself to what is strictly necessary and sticks to old friends. He dislikes new tools just as much as he dislikes new clothes and new boots.

The bounder's accessories, on the other hand, are always aggressively new, aggressively expensive, and he carries them about in a pantechnicon, or should do so, judging by their number.

SWANK AD LIB.

He is fond of letting you know that he got his guns, or what not, from the crack maker; he tells you what a lot he paid for them, and he revels in all sorts of new-fangled dodges and patents. Also, he has "A. Bounder, Esquire," printed in very large letters on his gun-cases, cricket bags, etc. He is so very anxious to let you know that he is a sportsman, and also a moneyed man.

It is, however, when he comes to actual sport, that his bounderism becomes rampant.

It is not that he breaks the letter of the sporting law, for he has probably learned by sharp experience that it is not safe to do that, but he shows himself the outsider he is in other and equally unmistakable ways.

He has no consideration for others, unless he happens to know that they are genuine "swells," when he will hang around doing his best to win their favour, to their great disgust.

SELFISHNESS.

Ordinarily, however, he never gives a thought to other people's rights and feelings. In the hunting field he will go thrusting and bucketing all over the shop; out shooting, he shoots jealous and is always trying to wipe your eye; in games, he is either offensively generous, forcing on you concessions you don't want, or else he is disgustingly keen on snatching some small and mean advantage over you.

He is pretty bad in defeat, for a favourite trick of his when he is beaten is to give up trying, thus spoiling all interest and pleasure in the game, but he is absolutely insufferable when victory smiles upon him with either his intolerable crowing or his even more exasperating mock modesty and sympathy.

Often he casts the slimy money trail over sport. He is fond of telling you what his salmon, and his grouse, and his hunters cost him, and in games he is far keener on winning than on a good match.

The spirit of sport is not in him, and that is the long and the short of it.

HOW AND WHERE HE BUCKS.

And then afterwards; Lord, how he bucks if you give him half a chance—not so much in the smoking-room, where he is apt to be severely suppressed; no, he loves to buck to suffering fellow travellers, to saloon barmaids, in any public place where he can attract attention to himself and let strangers know what a great chap and sportsman he is.

As I have remarked, the sporting bounder is usually inconsiderate of others. The motoring road-hog is the most conspicuous example of this class, but there are others, among them the bounder who spoils sport for everyone else by abusing privileges granted to him, as, for example, the fishing cad who gains admission to preserved waters on condition of returning all fish under a certain size, or using the fly only, and who then fails to observe these rules, with the result that the water is closed to everybody.

But that does not worry the bounder if he himself has had sport.

I fear that with the growing expensiveness of sports and games of all kinds, the sporting bounder is on the increase. Indeed, it is he who deliberately forces up the cost of sport, and thus drives out the genuine, but poor sportsman, who would not tolerate him for all his money and lavish expenditure.

A. B. TAYLOR.

THE MORNING DIP.

A PICTURE OF MASCULINE HOLIDAY LIFE

A man staying at the seaside is subject to rude awakenings. Whatever his habit in his suburban residence, his sloth is not encouraged where the fresh sea breezes blow.

A handful of small stones or gravel rattles on his bedroom window panes, he hears a perfect pandemonium outside, hazily imagines that the Germans have selected his holiday week for their raid, and wakes up to find that it is, after all, merely a few pals exhorting him to arise and wash.

He calls a husky "Coming!" out of the window, and promptly proceeds to assume as little attire as outside decency demands.

He strolls out in the freshness of the early morning, when the parade is practically innocent of womenkind, but is yet well populated with men going for their early dip, towels swathed around their necks.

They stroll along in troops of eight or ten, hands in their pockets and arms linked, singing or tempting to harmonise a glee—a feat of some difficulty before breakfast, even when the sun blazes in the East and no policemen are visible.

Some of the more daring appear in pyjama coats of vari-coloured hues, and no one dreams of wearing the Pier-and-Parade-worshipper's sock at all.

The bathing hut proprietor who is favoured with their patronage, welcomes them with a cheery "Good mornin', gentlemen!" and the "boys" reply with queries as to how "Uncle" slept last night, what the briny is like this morning, and whether he fancies any of the chances in the Visitors' Handicap at the forthcoming Regatta.

Then they drive the venerable gentleman mad by executing naked and unashamed war dances in the bathing hut—primitive, but not lacking in go. All the huts break out in uproarious song while the occupants jump into their swimming costumes.

"Buck up, there! Where's the bloomin' Britannia Club's polo ball? Charles! You've got the blinkin' committee, so you can pinch it for us, can't you?" Thus a visitor, in bathing slip only, shouts to a "native" acquaintance.

"Charles" peers a shock head out of the window farther down, murmurs a faint "All right, damn ye!" and two minutes later finds himself surrounded by a clamouring circle of would-be polo practice players, exhorting him to "chuck it out."

He does so, and then there is a hurried dash over the yellow sands to the water's edge, some gallantly sprinting over the little pebbles, wading in at a crazy run, and disappearing in the grey heart of a breaking billow for the first plunge.

A little way out beyond the breakers you see nothing but bobbing heads and the polo ball being flung hither and thither amid much shouting and splashing.

Some gallants who have espied a feeble hat on the cliffs, swim out manfully to an unnecessary far-out rock, and draw themselves up on its green sides, standing on it in the sun at full length, like glistening sea gods. But to be a success at this game, one must have a figure that looks well in almost "anything at all," as Mr. Farkoa used to sing.

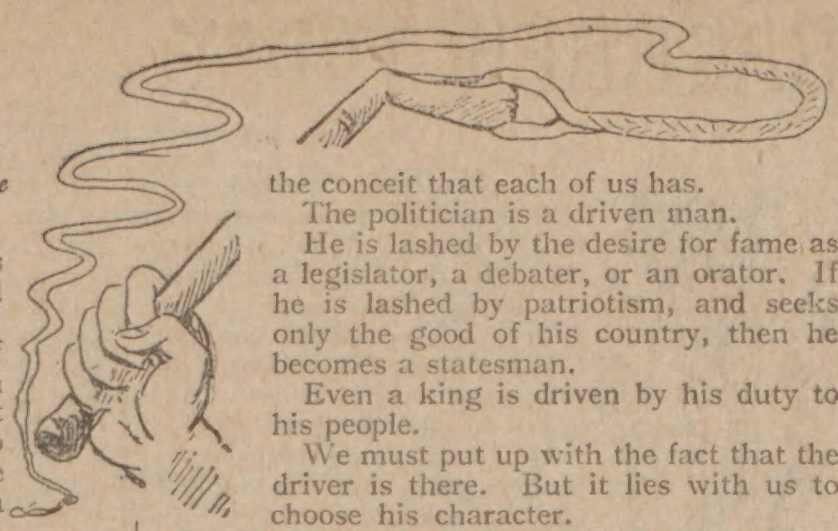
After this, there is the satisfaction of a stroll along the parade, across which the aroma of breakfast is now wafted, towels are draped artistically around the neck again, because other people's sisters are out, ostensibly for a walk, but really for a sight of the men.

The bathers feel vigorous, and more dances are executed even along the saintly parade, where one must comport oneself with propriety "edge" after breakfast. And who is this strolling to become a Holbein in the morning, and a dashing little duke in the afternoon and night? In the words of Fragson: Billy—Billy Brown of London!"

B. JONES.

e Lash.

roke of the whip maketh marks in the
POCRYPHA.



are a good many things in this leasant to look upon, and a good hings unpleasant to realise. not exactly the quintessence of enjoyment to see a vulture with buried in gory flesh. It is not conducive to peace of mind to hat throughout the whole of life d every one of us is driven by a

oast a great deal of our freedom, we confidently that Britains never shall be while, after all, we are not merely slaves, are whipped as well. om is an illusion. re all harnessed, all curbed and reined, ehind sits the Driver, restlessly fingering

rives you steadily, maybe, and with skill, by his guidance you may keep the centre road and avoid the ditch at either side; rives you madly, the lash singing round rs and ever and anon falling on the e flesh; or he drives you cruelly, flaying very stride, up hill and down, drives you stagger and collapse. depends upon the driver and upon the e uses. lash may be made of silk or of plaited ut driver and lash are always there.

* * * * *

een the hours of seven and nine on a ay morning, trams and trains, tubes and are crowded with hurrying, bustling pas- on their way to work in office and shop, ed by the necessity of earning their live-

AVES OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

ey want to go?
hey eager as well as anxious to be penned ed space while the sweet spaciousness of ntry is practically void of humanity?
d you, reading these lines—a clerk, per- ntitled to a fortnight's holiday per annum d you not rather be seated by a slow- stream, a fishing-rod in your hands, a your mouth, than doubled over a desk d a-half days out of the seven, seeing the y through glass?
ourse you would.
if you were free you would do it. But the eps you to work, and the lash would have per sting if you followed your frequent ion and struck for freedom, for then you hunger, and hunger is a lash of spiked

aps you have imagined your chief to be d undriven. Perhaps he drives to the n his motor-car, stays an hour to glance h the letters, signs a cheque or two, and es away to play golf or to a race meeting. might be one who is wrapped up in his s, a controller of everything, a man of who extracts similar energy from his ees.

HE GREAT ARE DRIVEN.

first is whipped by his appetite for e, his anxiety in all probability to be ch," at golf, because now he "receives six" dicaps; the other is lashed by ambition to his business and make money fast. her is free.

mp in trade would make them feel the s. A new invention might beggar them. ither way, they are dependent upon the t of demand, which itself is driven by a eyond its control.

markets of demand and supply are affected condition of the individual, and the indi- is affected by them likewise—both de- t upon one another. Independence is r illusion which we use as a prop for the conceit that each of us has.

The politician is a driven man.

He is lashed by the desire for fame as a legislator, a debater, or an orator. If he is lashed by patriotism, and seeks only the good of his country, then he becomes a statesman.

Even a king is driven by his duty to his people.

We must put up with the fact that the driver is there. But it lies with us to choose his character.

He is susceptible to change. If we show the right mettle he will drive us straight, perhaps to some destiny exceeding even our greatest expectations.

We shall be displaying more wisdom than charity if we believe that many men are driven to being criminals, stung by the lash of hereditary weakness. Who can tell where culpability begins, still less so where it ends? Did we but realise that the folly of to-day meant the crime of a descendant a couple of generations hence, we should, I think, have a greater care of our doings.

However, I don't want to preach, nor use the lash upon the raw.

THE GILDED TYRANT.

There are many men whose driver has the yellow face of Gold; at times, too, there is greed on his face—cunning, grinning Greed, with clutching hands.

Be careful he does not drive you always. He is the sort to flog you uphill, and when you want to stop, he urges you on remorselessly.

The same it is with the gambler. For him there is no stop until he hurtles into the pit of lost happiness.

We are all lashed, gently or otherwise.

When eighty thousand people flock to a Cup-tie final, they are impelled by the whip of pleasure. The same with all our amusements. There is no rest. Often the gratification falls far below the trouble we expend to indulge them, but on we go, at a walk or a trot or a headlong gallop, driven to do things we hate, to ask for things we don't want, to hold what is worthless to us.

But as there is good and bad in all things, so there are good drivers who touch you with the lash only to keep you straight. The name of one of them is Honour. Driven by Honour, a man will not go far wrong.

THE GENTLEST DRIVER OF ALL.

The same of Love. Make no mistake! Love is not a cruel driver. Many cringe under stinging slashes of the whip and think it is his doing, but they forget that Lust is not Love, and the lash used by lust is red-hot, searing and disfiguring.

Love's whip is never used on weary back, and Love drives through the Garden of Eden.

Few obey the hand, for at the gate of that Garden is a flaming sword, and only the pure can pass.

* * * * * * *

It is no good for us to kick against the lash. It is inevitable. After all, it is but discipline in disguise. Were we free and unguided we should roam about in wild confusion, arriving nowhere.

But there is a great Driver of all drivers, and it is worth remembering that his lash is Justice.

A. G. STORM.

A QUESTION.

Have you read the advertisements of your fellow readers on page 3 of the cover this week?

You will find them interesting, and it is highly probable that something advertised there is just the thing you have been looking for; or it may be that something is advertised for that you can supply.

Have a look.

NIGHT RAMBLING.

AND ITS POSSIBILITIES FOR ADVENTURE.

Somebody says something about those loving darkness whose deeds are dark, but I don't think that applies to my case.

I like to ramble about at night for two reasons, first because my work makes it impossible for me to take recreation during the day, and secondly because in the cool night air I find a stimulus that adds to my enjoyment of exercise.

Accompanied by my fox terrier, I frequently set out in the evening and make for some neighbouring village, avoiding the road and cutting straight across the fields. I live in the country, of course. I do not stick to any path, but take things as they come, scrambling over or through fences, jumping streams, and crossing railway lines as I come to them.

My dog is game for this sort of thing. He scampers about through the wet grass, hunting for rabbits he never manages to catch, and from time to time he returns to me and gasps into my face. It is his imitation of a smile, and a very fair one.

I do not court adventure, for I am satisfied with getting amongst the fields, but occasionally adventure comes unsought. I have accompanied a gamekeeper for three hours on end, tramping through the woods, and I have assisted him in the capture of a poacher.

I have also assisted a poacher in the capture of the game, for my views on the game laws are not orthodox, and I am afraid that even if they were I should occasionally have to order my conscience sternly to be quiet.

One evening recently, on emerging from a wood, I saw in a meadow before me the glow of a fire. It was burning inside a pail with holes knocked in the side of it. A figure was sitting beside the fire, bent double and obviously asleep.

I stalked round cautiously till I got nearer, and then I saw that the figure by the fire was one of Baden-Powell's Scouts. I do not say "Boy Scouts," because he was not a boy. I believe they call them scout masters. Anyhow, he was a grown man and evidently it was his duty to keep watch while the others slept in a tent which was pitched a few yards away from the fire.

I left the shadow of the wood, made a circuit, got behind him, put my hand over his mouth and pressed the knuckle of one finger into his ear. The start which he gave on awakening almost upset both of us.

"Move a limb," I said, "and I'll pull the trigger."

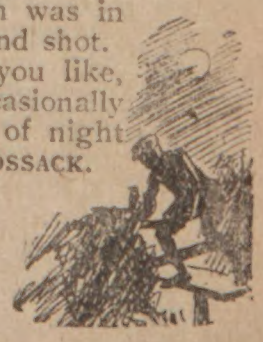
Apparently he thought that my innocent knuckle was the muzzle of some death-dealing weapon, and he remained perfectly still. His only means of defence or attack appeared to be a sort of broomstick which was lying on the ground beside him, and when I had thrown this out of the way I released him and told him to call up his wretched myrmidons. The unhappy youngsters tumbled out of the tent and gathered about the fire, all their theatrical posturing forgotten, for they were very sleepy and a little cold. I sternly ordered the scout master to provide me with refreshment, which he did in the form of very passable coffee.

Then I proved a fact that I have always been desirous of having acknowledged—that I have some power of invention. I made out that I was an Army officer, specially deputed by the Scout Headquarters to see how the various camps were being conducted, and I rated the scout master most soundly for not keeping better watch and ward.

I do not know what he said to the youngsters or what the youngsters said to him after I left them, neither do I know whether they have ever discovered that I was a rank impostor, but, for the time at least, I greatly impressed them; in fact, I believe that every one of them was in terror of being summarily taken out and shot.

This practical joke was wicked if you like, but it is the sort of thing that one occasionally finds an opportunity for in the course of night rambling.

W. HOSSACK.



POST YOUR PARAGRAPH TO-DAY.

THE PERSISTENT COLD.

At one time I suffered from a chronic cold. I got it, I believe, in a swimming bath, and it is probable that I swallowed some water that had been spat out by some other swimmer.

Anyhow, that cold was a beastly nuisance, for it interfered considerably with my enjoyment of the different sports of which I am fond.

I found a cure for it at last, and I can thoroughly recommend it to all other readers who may suffer in the same way. It does not cost anything, and it seems ridiculously simple, but it is really good.

Insert the tips of your thumbs in your nostrils, grasp them firmly on the outside with your fingers, and pull them sideways, so that the nostril is as much expanded as possible.

Then take a long breath through your nose and eject it from your mouth.

Repeat this a dozen times each morning and evening. The passage of the air—and you get an extra quantity of it through this expansion of the nostrils—clears away any obstruction in the breathing apparatus, and you will find that in a day or two your cold has completely left you.

A LIFTMAN'S TROUBLES.

I work on a lift at one of the Tube railway stations in London, and my job is not so easy as people I take up and down think it to be.

When the passengers enter the lift going down, we have to snip their tickets, and on one occasion one of our chaps snipped a piece out of a passenger's finger.

The passenger brought an action for damages against the company, and won it, and the man lost his job.

He was a friend of mine, and I have laid his experience to heart.

Now when I snip a ticket I always push my forefinger underneath it farther out than I am going to snip. This prevents any chance of injuring the passenger's finger, but it means very frequently that I catch the tip of his or her forefinger beneath mine.

I do this simply to prevent the chance of injuring the passenger, but some ladies imagine that I am taking a liberty in pressing their finger like this, and it amuses me to see the dagger-looks that come into their eyes.

KEEPING YOUR WATCH FAST.

At one time I prided myself upon having my watch exactly at the right time, or, at least, at railway time, and I set it every morning by the station clock; but I have dropped that, and now keep my watch exactly five minutes fast.

It is a very useful plan. For one thing, it bucks you up a little in keeping appointments and getting your work through in time, but its chief usefulness is of a deceptive nature. When you are talking to somebody you want to get away from you simply say that you are afraid time is getting on, produce your watch, and let him see it. Apparently it is five minutes later than he thought it was, and you part from him without offending him.

On the other hand, if you are asked the time, and circumstances are so pleasant that you do not wish to deprive yourself of the five minutes that your watch would cheat you out of, you can simply explain that your timepiece is five minutes fast.

I find that the scheme has no disadvantages, and that there are several such little points as I have mentioned in its favour.

BROKEN GLASS.

It is much to be regretted that many holiday-makers throw bottles into the river and the surf. They are smashed either by the impact with the pebbles or by the action of the tide, and they constitute a grave danger to all bathers.

When you tread on a piece of broken glass you are liable to cut the sole of your foot, and the bleeding in such a place is extremely difficult to stop; besides, such a wound may cripple you for life.

The police should have orders to punish all who may be guilty of throwing bottles into the water near bathing places, and in the meantime you will be wise to wear a pair of sand shoes when you go to swim. They are quite light, and will not interfere with your speed or your comfort in the water, and they will protect your feet as you walk across the shingle.

DISCOURTESY.

The other evening I was in a railway carriage with a middle-aged man. He was sitting at the other end of the compartment, and when the train stopped at his station, and he got up to leave, I opened the door for him.

It seemed a natural thing to do, because I was sitting close to the door, and the catch was beside my hand, but all the same it was a little courtesy which deserved a word of thanks.

Far from giving this, he stepped out at the open door without saying anything, and he left it open. Either I had to stretch out and close the door or else allow the porter to bang it to with the usual jar.

That man was a discourteous beast, and it is people of his type who are responsible for the lack of politeness that is so often commented upon.

When you do a man a little act of courtesy, and he thanks you, you feel glad that you did it; but when he does not thank you, you feel as if you were his paid servant.

All the same, I shall continue to open railway carriage doors for people when I happen to be sitting beside the door, for the occasional courteous acknowledgment that one receives makes up for the discourtesy of such men as I have described.

A TURKISH BATH.

It was Saturday afternoon, and I had nothing special to do, so, seeing a crescent sign outside a building, I straightway went to inquire within.

"A Turkish bath, sir?"

I obtained a ticket, and was very soon standing stripped, and the attendant, with towels on his arm, came and asked me to "Step this way, sir."

I did, and found myself in a large, mosaic-floored shower-bathroom. The attendant then directed the shower on me, gradually turning on the hot water till at last I had about as much as I could bear.

From here I was conducted to the hot room, to sit for fifteen minutes. At the end of this time another attendant came to me carrying a glass water on a tray.

"Started yet?" he said cheerily. "He drink this; it will make you sweat."

It did, for I was soon oozing from every po

"Now for a shampoo, sir."

I followed him to another room, who donning rubber gloves, he started rubbing all over till there came out more dirt than believed it possible for a man to have in his sk Another douche, and the attendant, putting rougher gloves and with the use of shamp powder, gave me another vigorous rub all ov Once more I stood under the hot shower, wh became gradually colder and colder, till qu cold. A smart rub with the towel, and then the cooling rooms, where, feeling perfectly co tented, I lay and read.

I came out of that place feeling a differe man. If anybody has any doubts about t process being healthful, I need only say th should see the attendant, a big, healthy, co tented fellow, who works stripped, with only towel round him all day.

BURNING YOUR TONGUE.

There is probably no smoker who has not some time felt the unpleasant sensation of a bur tongue. Usually he blames himself for smokin too much, but in most cases it is the quality the tobacco that is at fault.

Strange as it may seem, light tobaccos—o described as mild or medium—are much less co to smoke and are more liable to burn the tongu than are full-strength tobaccos.

If you want to test this for yourself just r up a couple of Virginia cigarettes and smo them in a pipe. At the end of that pipe you tongue will be smarting.

The reason for this is that the lighter tobacco are bleached in order to secure the desired yello colour, and the burning sensation that one fee in the tongue is the result of the chemicals use for this bleaching.

In the dark tobaccos there are no su chemicals, and hence, though the tobacco perhaps stronger, there is no risk of burning th tongue.

SHOPMEN BEWARE.

I work in a bar, and at least once a wee someone tries his best to pass bad money upon me. Oftener than that, of course, I come acro bad coins, but they are handed to us quite u intentionally by customers who have got them somewhere else.

It does not pay us to prosecute those who attempt to foist bad money upon us, for we should be putting ourselves to expense with no chance of making profit out of it. Therefore we simply keep our eyes open and act as our own police.

There are many tricks practised by the changers of bad money, but the neatest was one I came across only the other day.

A man came into our bar and ordered a penny liqueur. He threw a sovereign on the counter, and it rang perfectly true. I turned round and poured out the liqueur, and when I handed it to him, I took up the sovereign.

I did not trouble to ring it, as I had already heard it ring; but, as a matter of form, I put it into our sovereign-weighing machine, which rejects all coins of light weight.

Out it came at the hole for the delivery of the money, and then I rang it. It sounded as bad as a cracked penny.

I snapped the supposed sovereign in two, pitched the pieces into the street, and told the man if he did not follow them I would kick him out.

He had thrown down a good sovereign to begin with, but when I turned my back he could have picked it up and substituted for it the bad one. If I had not used the testing machine, I should certainly have been done in, and I think my experience should be useful to everyone else who has to deal with money from strangers.

PRIZES FOR PARAGRAPHS.

We invite readers to contribute to this page paragraphs of masculine interest.

Each week we pay 10s. for the best and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the first prize goes to Mr. C. Wood, 36, Magdaline Avenue, Wells Road, Bath, for "A Turkish Bath."

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

A Mans Comfort.

By R. D. CROMBIE.

Mrs. Garth heard him locking up. He bolts grated as he pushed them to their sockets; then his feet sounded nearer. She held her breath slightly; but he did not me in. Through the windowed panels of the or leading into the shop she caught a glimpse him, standing with bent head. He was inking.

Mrs. Garth went on with her sewing. Her husband woke from his reverie and began put into their places goods that had become arranged during the business of the day. It as purely a mechanical operation. It was an ironmonger's shop, and most of the ings he touched seemed to clatter as if in pro- st. As he was pushing his way behind the unter, his shoulder caught a stand con- ining a variety of saucepans, and over it went adlong.

Mrs. Garth got up from her seat and went t to him.

"All right," he muttered, in a stooping posi- on.

She stood watching him as he set the stand on s feet and replaced the saucepans on it. Then, he seemed disinclined to talk, she returned to eir living-room.

She heard him pottering about for a while, ter which came silence—a long, peculiar, isery-laden silence.

Tiptoeing, she approached the door and eered through the glass. He was bent, his bows resting on the counter, his face con- aled by his hands.

She opened the door, an entreaty on her lips; ut at the sound he straightened.

That he might think she had not seen him, e said:

"Don't you want your supper? It's been on e table half-an-hour."

"In a minute," he said, apparently busy gain.

She waited a moment.

"I wish you would," she pleaded.

His back was turned towards her and he was aching to put something on a shelf.

"I will in a minute," he said again.

She went back and sat down again. The aby in the cradle near her feet fought some nagiinary monster with his tiny fists and awoke rying.

She watched him with curious eyes, as if he ere something she had never seen before. And e let him cry. He seemed the only one of em who could give expression to feeling.

The cry became angry—resentful of her llous indifference to his complaint, and sud- nly she caught the baby up and strained it to r breast. Rocking gently, she soothed it to ep again.

Some subtle change took place in her mind the result of this incident and, still carrying e baby, she went into the shop again.

"Come along," she said brightly; "there urely can't be anything else for you to do."

He looked at them both and then turned his es away quickly.

Without speaking he obeyed, and following er in sat down at the table.

The meal proceeded in silence. She watched im furtively as he ate. He was chewing slowly nd awkwardly, as if his mouth were bone- ry.

If only he would say something, utter some complaint against his lot, as their baby had one!

He had been like this for weeks, his depres- ion going from bad to worse, as the trade of heir little shop dwindled and dwindled.

He moved from the table to his arm-chair nd took up a book. Suppressing a sigh, she icked up her sewing again. It was to be nother night of gloom.

* * * * * *

The silence became oppressive.

He began to speak at last, in a low retro- pective tone, curiously free from emotion.

"Eight years it took me to save up the money for this. Eight years! And every sovereign made me happier because it brought me a bit nearer to you. I told you I wouldn't marry you until I'd set up on my own; and you waited for me. You knew it was because I was so proud to love you that I wanted to be my own master in business. Eight years to make ready—and eighteen months to smash things to smithereens."

He was still staring at the fire, and she was intently watching him, her baby sleeping on her lap.

"I don't think," he went on quietly, "I don't think there's another man in England who's hoped and tried as I've done. I've striven and schemed, worked my body and brain to the raw, and failure has hounded me in every step I've taken."

He looked at her.

"How is it?" he asked.

She shook her head helplessly.

She had tried both argument and hopefulness before, but now she knew that either would sound a hollow mockery.

"If I'd shirked it," he said, "I could understand. Or if I'd worked with some unworthy motive in my mind. But all I've desired is a fair reward for effort, so as to look after you and—and——"

His eyes fixed on the infant.

"God!" he exclaimed in sudden desperation, "I only want what's fair!"

She made no move, though she was aching to go over and comfort him.

What was the good? That would not increase the turnover of his business and help to keep at bay the creditors who were besieging them more closely day by day.

"All day long," he continued more calmly, "I keep thinking of when we first came in. How wonderful we thought it all was! And then how we used to count up the takings each day and calculate how much we'd made and what a great deal more we were going to make when our big connection was worked up. We didn't keep that pretty game going very long, did we?"

"What good does it do to talk about that?" she asked patiently.

"None," he replied, without bitterness; "only it's a queer sort of problem why we should be the sport of chance. One would have thought the Power that directs things would have been a bit above being jealous of us."

"Oh, it can't go on for always," she said. "Something's bound to turn up if we can only manage to keep on a little longer."

He sighed.

"How many times have we said that, I wonder? How many small tradesmen are there in the country who hang on, hoping against hope, for the precious something to turn up? What *can* turn up? For us, if we go on, it means bankruptcy, and by heaven"—he rose suddenly, convulsed with feeling—"I won't bring that disgrace on you."

He thrust his hands deep in his pockets, and his shoulders heaved as he fought to control himself.

The tears also were in her eyes, but she blinked them back.

"It's the being beaten that's the worst," he said through shut teeth. "To have to give in, throw up the sponge. If there's one thing a man can't endure it's that!"

She looked at him and smiled bravely.

"You're not beaten," she said. "You hate failure too much for that. It's only people who are content to be failures that become them. Besides, you've got me."

At the last remark he looked long at her, and his face cleared momentarily.

"It seems that you've got all the pluck," he said.

She gave a little, wise shake of her head.

"It's because you worry so much about me," she said, "that sometimes you're a bit hopeless. But you shouldn't, you know. It makes me miserable too, because then I think if it wasn't for me you would get along better."

"No!" he exclaimed hoarsely, and bent over and kissed her. "You must never think that. It's cruel, cruel to you and to me. If I hadn't got you there would be nothing worth fighting for in life."

She smiled at him as she used to do in the old courting days, but there was more sweetness in her face now than there had ever been before, for there was the beauty of sorrow for him and infinite sympathy.

He looked at her with a new interest, she was worth possessing.

"I do my best," she said, "but it isn't much. Why can't a woman work like a man? Why can't she help him to make money? All I do is to save odd pence in the housekeeping."

"That's not all you do," he answered. "You keep me fighting. If it wasn't for you I'd give in."

He put his arm round her neck and drew her face against his own.

A tear came rolling down her cheek—a woman's tear, half due to gladness that she had this man's love, half due to sorrow at her helplessness to assist him.

The tear felt cold as it touched his cheek, and his own eyes began to smart.

He was beginning to find the salvation of expression to the feelings that held him.

For a little while they remained with their cheeks touching; then he returned to his chair and filled his pipe.

Neither cared quite so much about the impending failure now.

"Well, if it comes to it," he said presently, in a strictly cheerful tone, "I shall have to go back to being an assistant. I'd do that rather than have my name in Stubbs's, among the bankrupts. We won't make a failure of that sort, will we? And then we'll save up and have another tilt at fortune. She's not impregnable, you know, if you keep going for her."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I *am* glad to hear you talk like that again. I'm sure it's only a question of keeping cheerful, and things are bound to come right."

In which decision they did not show much originality, but they were none the farther from the truth because of that.

* * * * * * *

Three months later the only noticeable changes within the same room were the increased size of the Garth son and heir and the expression on the faces of his proud parents.

They were not free from anxiety yet, but the business showed signs of flourishing better, and at least they had the gratification of knowing they were making a good fight of it.

"I'll tell you what," said Mrs. Garth, "if we hadn't this trouble there'd be something else. We should have the baby ill; or perhaps you'd take to drink."

"Which means," said Garth, lifting his glass and admiring the amber of its contents, "that there's always something to be grateful for."

MUSHROOMING.

HOW TO GATHER A DELICIOUS BREAKFAST FROM THE FIELDS.

Just about the time when there is a suspicion of autumn in the early morning mists and while still the towns are half empty of their crowds, away on holidays, there is open air pleasure to be had in mushrooming.

To attain to any success in the hunt for these delicious morsels, something more is necessary than a basket and a walk through the fields. It is only after considerable experience that the mushroom hunter gets to know the kind of field that is likely to yield its crop, for the mushroom is a peculiarly local fungus, growing readily in one field and never appearing on adjoining ground that appears to the casual observer to be precisely similar.

Old pasture, with thick, well cropped grass will always be found to give the greatest return. No field newly turned over to grass is ever likely to hold mushrooms though it may carry a heavy crop of other, and not very dissimilar fungi, some of which are poisonous.

Setting out with a basket, rather than with any other receptacle, since the mushroom will escape crushing in a basket, it is a delight to tramp over the fields in the first and freshest hours of the day.

The true mushroom has so much real character to distinguish it from the other fungi that one becomes expert with comparatively little practice.

The white external skin of the mushroom is the first and almost the best guide to trust. This white skin almost shines, but does not actually do so. It is a clear, dead white, soft and attractive, and is to be found on no other fungus. Shape is the next best guide. The real and wholesome mushroom, until it is the size of a five-shilling piece, or even a little larger, is almost invariably like a ball. In this it is in strong contrast with every other fungus, for these have a way of opening flat, like a Japanese sunshade, from the very beginning of their growth.

The thickness of the stalk, and the colour of the outer skin are also excellent guides. Mushroom stalks are white and very thick, while the stalks of nearly all poisonous fungi are very thin indeed throughout their growth.

Another method of telling a mushroom from a poisonous fungus is the appearance of the "flesh" underneath the roof. In all young mushrooms without exception this flesh is of a clear, fresh delicate pink, and the layers are close together. In most poisonous species the layers are not pink but of all sorts of sickly shades of white and red and brown and yellow, and they are loosely hung rather than closely packed as in true mushrooms.

Yet another test is the way in which the peel comes off. In the mushroom the peel comes away with ease right from the edge of the white roof to the centre, leaving a white puffy surface exposed. Very few fungi peel so cleanly and easily.

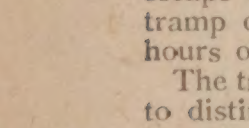
The nearest approach to the true mushroom is the "horse mushroom." This is a large kind, with many of the characteristics of the real thing. It may be distinguished, however, by its rather uneven and lumpy surface, and its tendency to turn a pale yellow shade right on the top.

The "horse mushroom" is generally to be found under overhanging trees.

Though it is interesting as a find, the very large mushroom is hardly worth picking and carrying home. When cooked it is rank and tough, and it is usually eaten up beneath the surface with grubs.

It should not be difficult, with these hints to go forth and gather without an error. To pick a small basket full of the luscious white "buttons," and to carry them home with the sparkling dew and the grass still clinging to them, and to prepare them for the frying-pan as a "bonne bouche" to be taken with the rashers of bacon, is not the smallest of one's holiday pleasures.

G. BELMONT.



In Quiet Waters

A RIVER REVERIE.

On the river it is easy to lose oneself in reveries, and to forget the bustling, work-a-day world that the sound of a passing train in the void beyond the clump of trees reminds one of.

The train, you know, is careering Londonwards. The sound dies away in the distance from a dry whirr to nothingness. Let the confounded thing go! You lug a few cushions forward and, putting on your favourite pipe, you give yourself up to that laziness that a hard day's quanting or tacking against the wind has well earned for you.

Over in the west, a red blaze in the sky low down on the horizon shows where the sun has set. The river is calm, and the cool evening breeze rustles among the reeds at the water's edge—and the reeds bow gracefully.

Plash! Out in midstream a fish jumps, making an ever-widening ring on the smooth waters.

A slight layer of white haze floats above the marshes on each side of the river, and among the long grasses a reed bird calls musically. All others have settled to rest in the clump of trees, and the last piping argument among a family of finches and sparrows has long since subsided. Nature is bidding night-roaming man good-night very tenderly.

A swan drifts lazily down stream, paddling slowly, its image reflected in the pellucid water.

All down the water-side, moored to old stakes on the bank, are white yachts, dingeys, pleasure wherries, and houseboats, and the tide laps against them. Beyond is sketched out the village of Wroxham and its bridge spanning the river.

YOUR FEELINGS.

From somewhere in the haze of the marshes comes the lowing of the kine. But all these sounds are dying down into peacefulness. Now there is only the lapping of the water beneath the bows of your craft. You smoke on contentedly.

And you feel charitable to all mankind.

Smith has always been rather a thorn in your side, but perhaps he is not a bad sort of idiot after all. Possibly he didn't mean half he said, and Nature had, of design, made him naturally clumsy. Fate had been unkind from the very outset in naming him Smith, of course. That was a handicap which even the hyphened addition of "de Vere" could never lighten. Poor old Smith—not a bad old stick!

Then there was Brown—awfully energetic chap, Brown—rather fancied himself because he was skipper, admiral, and bo'sun rolled into one on this trip. Well, of course, if he liked to have the worry of organising everything, looking up tide-times, seeing to the grubbing arrangements, and compiling drink statistics, he was thoroughly welcome to it. Why the deuce had you troubled to attempt to gain the position?

THE QUALIFICATIONS OF BOTH.

Perhaps it *was* true what the chaps had said—namely, that an occasional week-end of being punted by a girl on the Thames did *not* make you an efficient waterman to have charge of the "Pirate" on a cruise round the Norfolk Broads. You had been unkind enough to remark that, on the other hand, Brown's nautical knowledge was limited to a shirt-sailed raft that he had navigated up and down the stormy waters of a dyke at the age of thirteen and a-half. There was, perhaps, a little exaggeration in that statement that savoured, after all, only of envy.

Brown, though, had a nasty habit of making everyone quant by turns; and he allowed no shirking. Perhaps this was as well, as otherwise the "Pirate" would now be stuck on the mud in the middle of Hickling Broad.

So everything was, of course, for the best, and even chaps like Brown have their uses.

It was true, of course, that when h
had relinquished the quant to you h
had left it sticking rather fast in th
bottom of the River Thurne, so that yo
had walked off the end of the boat i
an attempt to get it out. Still, you wer
only in flannels, and the river, as far a
you could judge by what you had taste
of it, wasn't a bad sort of river.

That seemed rather a good wheeze
by the way. Why was it that the res
of the "Pirate's" crew never saw you
jokes—or pretended not to? Well
poor chaps, of course *everyone* wa
not born with a sense of humour
But what they could see to laugh a
in that ass Brown's comments on you
appearance when you stood dripping
on the deck passed all understanding
Although the club colours on you
panama ran in rainbow hues down your face
that was an unfortunate result of buying cheap
hat-bands—nothing for the crew to roar at.

A MENTAL PICTURE.

Yet, perhaps, had it been Brown who had
fallen in, *you* would have laughed. Yes, by
George! you would. Old Brown's club colours
included a dash of pink and yellow, that would
blend well on his fat face, and imagine him
puffing along, gasping like an old porpoise, in the
wake of the "Pirate's" stern!

It would be rather a joke to grease the deck
overnight—but, hang it, they might put you on
first when the wind failed. And the River Yare
might not be as nicely flavoured as the River
Thurne. Rather a weak repetition of the same
joke—a fault of yours, which old Brown frequently pointed out to you. Dear old Brown—
Well-meaning, fat old piffler!

Your thoughts turn once more to the river.

Yes, it was really a glorious night—sort of
thing to suit artists; but you hoped all artists
weren't like Robinson.

What was the use of Robinson spoiling a good
canvas by attempting to paint that sky effect
over to the west'ard? "West'ard" was pretty
nautical, but didn't sound well mixed up with
art. The two didn't go well together, which was
very plain when you took Robinson into consideration—a man who hadn't really decided
whether he had come on a painting expedition
or a yachting cruise.

The thing was to fix what you were going to
do before you started. Well, *you* had decided to
do as little as possible, and you were manfully
keeping to your resolution.

THE FAULTS OF A HANDY-MAN.

But even Robinson and his weary dissertations
about "middle distances," "foregrounds," and
"effects" was bearable, if he stopped at that.
But the worst of it was, he considered himself
a handy-man. A handy-man is all right when he
doesn't suggest patching up a broken boat-hook
with other men's boot-laces. Then, when he
proudly announces that he has effectually stopped
the leak in the canoe, and you discover—in mid-
stream—that he has repaired it with court-
plaster, you perceive he's *the* limit.

But, of course, you can't expect much of a
man who is always losing his personal effects and
who usually wears odd socks.

But even old Robinson was not so bad, after
all. He did his level best for everybody—that
was the worst of it. Dear old Robinson—brain-
less ass!

He might be worse.

Not very much, perhaps, but still there were
possibilities.

Confound it, your pipe is out! These cushions
feel rather hard, and your hair is damp with dew.
Still, it's fine to lie in the cool of the evening and
think of the good-old-times-that-come-again-one-
more sort of thing. Thank heaven! there's
Brown with a crate of bottled beer. Now for the
twentieth cold meal this week. Never can get
anything decent to eat on the bally river!

JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Seaside Regattas.

TO ONE IF YOU HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY

At the present [illegible] are being held in many of the seaside towns, regattas. In themselves these are not of a particularly interesting or amusing character, except to the competitors and their friends, but the sports that come between the various rowing events are of the most amusing description.

One of the most laughable is the hobby-horse fighting tournament.

The competitors are matched in pairs, each mounted on a small floating hobby horse, which is so arranged that the slightest push sends it over, and consequently unseats its rider.

The weapons used are mops, or long poles with a pad at the end, something like a boxing glove.

LAUGHTER EVERYWHERE.

Not unusually it happens that two fighters topple over simultaneously, and the laughter is great amongst the competitors as amongst those who watch them from the beach.

Another highly entertaining event is the swimming race.

In this the course is marked off by floats, and a prize goes to the man who reaches the winning post, after having waded some couple of hundred yards through comparatively shallow water.

It would surprise you how stiff it is to wade quickly through even twelve inches of water, and especially if the ground beneath is shingly. As you begin to feel that you are getting up pace, away goes one foot, and down you fall with a smack in the water.

The human fish contest is extremely interesting, though perhaps less amusing than some of the others.

HOW IT IS DONE.

Here the swimmers have a band fixed about the shoulders, attached to a stout fishing line at the other end of which is an expert local angler.

The battle is wonderfully even, and it is a toss up whether the swimmer or the angler wins. Frequently such a contest lasts for half-an-hour, it the swimmer be a stayer but not quite strong enough to snap the line.

The bathing-machine race is another diverting contest.

Here bathing-machines are ranged upon the beach, not in one straight line, but pretty much at random. A trail is laid right through them, and the prize, of course, goes to the man who covers the course in the best time.

It is by no means so easy as one might suppose to ascend the steps of bathing-machines and scramble down the other side at speed, especially when, as often happens, some wag has carefully greased the steps.

This brings us, of course, to the old favourite, the greasy pole.

THE FAVOURITE EVENT.

Projecting from the side of the pier, and with a little flag at its extremity, it draws all eyes when the time arrives for it to be put to use.

In the old days a pig was usually the prize, and it was placed at the end of the pole and had actually to be removed by the winning competitor, but now he is the winner who first reaches the little flag, and, on reaching the shore with this, it is exchanged for a leg of mutton or whatever the prize may be.

Generally it takes the form of some sort of meat, perhaps in consideration of the fact that it plays such an important part in the game.

To watch the various competitors, haughty and confident, stepping on to the pole, and to see them tumble off and splash into the sea with their dignity lost, is enough to banish care on anybody.

It is a rough-and-tumble spectacle, if you like, but you know that no one is getting hurt.

At one time various dangerous feats were

popular at seaside regattas, such, for example, as that where a man has himself tied into a sack and is dropped into the sea. Beneath the water he rips the sack open with a knife and swims up to the surface.

Fortunately this and similar foolhardy feats are now prohibited at most of our leading seaside towns.

The seaside regatta of to-day is purely a matter of frolic and of fun, and there is no danger to anybody and one never hears of an accident connected with these events.

HARRY INGLIS.

WATCHING THE TRAFFIC.

There is much entertainment to be derived from standing at a street corner watching the traffic.

The jealousy of the various drivers, both horse and motor, is most amusing.

You observe how the lumbering van refuses to pull out of the way to enable a motor-car to pass; and how the chauffeur, when eventually he does see sufficient room for a passage, steers his car as close as possible to the horse in order to alarm the driver.

It is amusing also to take some one part of the passers-by and to observe it.

Watch, for instance, people's feet and how they put them down. There are the pompous man, the timid man, and all the other varieties, and each has a different way of walking.

You might also watch with some entertainment the way in which people carry their hands. Some swing them, while others stick them in their pockets.

No two people are quite alike, and you can study humanity in all its aspects as you watch the traffic.

Constantly there are to be witnessed touching little episodes that warm the heart of the man who is a sympathetic student of human nature and who loves his fellow men.

The brawny policeman leading the lost child and chatting to it to prevent the flow of the bitter tears, shows us an aspect of street life that proves we are not so bad, take us all in all, as some malcontents would make out.

There are scenes of anger, love, pathos—more dramatic than any play ever staged—and there is no charge for viewing the spectacle.

The Correct Dress for a Man.

A Table of Present Day Fashions, compiled by Captain L. H. Saunders.

FORMAL DAY DRESS.

(To be worn at all formal functions before six o'clock, at church, at weddings, and for afternoon calls.)

BLACK FROCK COAT OR MORNING COAT.
CASHMERE TROUSERS.
SILK HAT.
WHITE SHIRT.
BUTTON GLACE KID BOOTS.
SLATE SUEDE GLOVES.
WING COLLAR.
BLACK AND WHITE TIE.

INFORMAL DAY DRESS.

(For general business wear.)

LOUNGE SUIT.
JACKET slightly shaped to waist and with fairly long rolls; slit at back; gauntlet cuffs.
WAISTCOAT cut fairly high and fitting well below waist.
FANCY WAISTCOAT if desired.
FANCY COLOURED SHIRT.
SUEDE OR CHAMOIS GLOVES.
DOUBLE COLLAR.
BROWN OR BLACK LACE BOOTS.
BOWLER OR STRAW HAT.

FORMAL EVENING DRESS.

(For dances, theatres—if patronising the dress parts of the house—dinners, and all formal functions after six o'clock.)

DRESS SUIT.
PLAIN OR PLEATED WHITE SHIRT.
WING COLLAR.
WHITE EVENING TIE.
LIGHT KID GLOVES.
SILK OR OPERA HAT.
PUMPS AND BLACK SOCKS.
CHESTERFIELD OVERCOAT.

INFORMAL EVENING DRESS.

(For bachelor dinners and similar evening functions where ladies are not present.)

DINNER JACKET.
BLACK DRESS TROUSERS.
PLEATED WHITE SHIRT.
BLACK BOW TIE.
PATENT-LEATHER BOOTS.
WING COLLAR.
OPERA HAT.
ANY OVERCOAT.

GENERAL SPORTING DRESS.

(For walking, shooting, and general country wear.)

NORFOLK JACKET.
BREECHES of same material, or riding breeches.
STOCKINGS WITHOUT FANCY TOPS, or
LEGGINGS, or
PUTTEES.
BROWN BOOTS.
SHIRT WITH SOFT CUFFS.
SOFT COLLAR.
CAP WITH FULL CROWN.

RIDING DRESS.

(For town wear.)

RIDING BREECHES.
RIDING COAT.
BOWLER.
PATENT-LEATHER RIDING BOOTS.

(For country wear.)

RIDING BREECHES.
LOUNGE JACKET WITH SLIT.
FLANNEL SHIRT.
CAP.
LEGGINGS.

WHERE MEN FORGATHER.

XXV. ON THE PIER.

With the changing of all things in this country from the early Victorian severity of style to this Edwardian era of luxuriousness, the piers have changed also.

It is in the memory of the youngest of us when piers at the most popular seaside resorts represented a dull length of narrow planking jutting out into the sea, with a structure tacked on to the end thereof that resembled nothing so closely as a large cow-shed.

But now fine iron columns have superseded the old wooden piles, and where the "cow-shed" was, there a magnificent, golden-domed triumph in architecture raises its gorgeous facade to the sky.

It was Ruskin who said that people were trained by their "surrounding art"; thus even the frequenter of the pier has, it seems, assimilated the tone of the new structure. The "cow-shed" has become a pavilion where London "stars" appear; the pier habitué, similarly, has relinquished the sombre attire that used to distinguish respectability, for many-hued ties and loudly-designed socks. It is a regretable fact, perhaps, but just as a woman in these days has to look like a "rapid" lady to be smart, so the young man on the pier has to wear loud colours to be distingué. It is a concession that fashion wrings from us.

THE VANISHED TRIPPER.

This is nowhere more apparent than on the piers of our leading seaside resorts—and I refer not to the genial day-tripper, for I believe that the real tripper of several years ago—the sort of type they sketch to-day in the comic papers—is dead. One rarely sees the red bandana and the imitation panama combination parading around in these enlightened days. That is the service that the comic ha'penny weekly has rendered to humanity. Smart certainly, the young man of to-day is, but he usually has a comprehensive colour scheme and the effect, if a trifle loud, is yet artistic and does not tend to make the eyes ache.

Life on the pier is as light and airy as the summer breeze that blows over the "upper deck" thereof.. In the morning one can bask in the sun, smoke, and chat unconcernedly about small things, and London may go hang! There is no need to trouble to be clever. The atmosphere does not ask for witty remarks. It is all too sleepy.

DREAMS, IDLE DREAMS.

So you lounge more or less gracefully and listen to the band playing the "Earl and the Girl"—

"On the shores of the Mediterranean,
So blue—blue—blue——"

The refrain has a lazy swing about it, and half closing your eyes and looking out to sea, it is easy to imagine that that is precisely where you are, with several thousands a year income and a nodding acquaintance with the men who write the "Court Circular" wherein your movements are paragraphed. A fertile imagination is a useful possession when finances will not run to the realisation of one's ideals.

But night is *the* time on the piers, when fairy lanterns are strung across the upper deck and the band plays dreamy waltzes.

Then you may assimilate the "tender twilight feeling" mentioned by Mr. Rudyard Kipling. You lean over the rails and look out to the darkling sea, and you watch the moving lights that show the ships that pass in the night, the intermittent glare of the lightships, the coloured lamps of warning on the headlands beyond the bay.

The sea beneath you shivers the iron piles, and you hear the rollers breaking on the shingle of the beach, hissing and squelching as it recedes, only to be flung back thunderously.

If the night air is warm and soothing, you think that the world is not so bad after all. If it is cold, a chilly hand seems to lay itself upon your forehead, and you see clearly how you have misspent your whole existence from your earliest days. Thus does the weather rule our spirits.

But the band has struck up something lively. Let us cease to meditate, let us cross to where a confetti fight is in full progress, and where the "weaker" sex crams handfuls of confetti down the masculine neck, a procedure which would have shocked the early Victorian girl very considerably—or, at least, she would have said it did.

THE EVENING DANCE.

But it is all good and light sport. The only person who does not really think much of it, is the unfortunate menial who has to sweep your bedroom floor of scraps of coloured paper in the morning.

In a wide space cleared upon the upper deck, Terpsichore holds sway, and the boards resound to the stamp and go of the Lancers. The practice here is unceremoniously to grab a partner without having been previously introduced to the lady. Then you whirl her off into the maze of waltzing couples or take your place in a set dance as the case may be.

Again that omnipresent shade of the early Victorian young lady raises a deprecating hand! Everyone apparently "thought evil" in those days, and "honi soit," etc., cannot have been a popular motto. But it is the ruling idea on the piers to-day. Everyone dances and everyone does everything possible to make things hum—with the exception, of course, of the inhabitants of the seaside town, who, being sons and daughters of small tradespeople, cannot lower their dignity by dancing with the (really far superior) "lot" tripping around on the pier.

FISHING FOR VARIOUS THINGS.

On most piers there is a fishing platform, where, in the daytime, Londoners fish—for fish. At night they take a girl down with them and fish—for compliments.

Here the romantic young man has a big chance of improving the shining hour and his acquaintance with the girl whom he has just swung round through a set of Lancers—and found somewhat plump and pleasing. This custom, however, does not now obtain on Corporation-financed piers, as puritanical old gentlemen petition the Council in favour of lights, and Cupid never did flourish beneath the glow of sixteen-candle power electric globes that probe out even the nicest corners.

Such are the drawbacks of modernity, and there are times when we think that it might not be so bad, after all, to be back in the Victorian period, when glaring electric lights were things unknown—on piers, at least.

On the other piers, however, they leave when the pier master comes round with a lantern and says: "All off the pier, please."

The pavilion, bandstand, and all the pier are in darkness. Over the parade drifts an odour of "hot fish suppers."

PETER GILCHRIST.

THE LAST TRIBUTE.

THE STORY OF A MAN'S GIFT.

A man stood in the dock of one of Lo... big police courts—a young man as we... years, but the great sculptor, Poverty, ... chiselled lines round the eyes and mouth ...

He was charged with theft, the theft ... bouquets of roses! And the prosecutor ... West End florist.

Roses are luxuries, and the flowers sa... Venus; but the magistrate was not up in ... classics. Roses or bread, it was all the same ... him.

The magistrate looked at the prisoner with all ... the dignity of the law. The man in the dock ... might have been a statue of stone for all ... impression it made upon him.

According to the evidence, he had gone into a ... fashionable West End shop—that in itself seemed ... to have been equivalent to crime—and asked the ... price of a bunch of white roses. Yes, he actually ... asked the price!

What happened then, when Justice had re... covered its breath sufficiently to speak?

He had not bought the bunch, but after he had ... left the shop the assistant noticed that the ... flowers were missing. Later on that same day he ... had again called and inquired the price of a bunch ... of red roses. Again there was no purchase. This ... with him these red roses also vanished. At the ... time, however, he was followed and arrested ... with the roses in his hand.

He refused to give his name or address, or to ... say what he had done with the white rose ... bouquet.

"A contumacious fellow evidently," said Lege... Wisdom.

The prisoner smiled, ever so faintly.

The scent of the roses filled the dingy police ... court with an old-world fragrance.

The magistrate imposed a fine, or, in default, ... imprisonment.

The prisoner laughed. If he could have paid ... the fine he had had no need to steal the roses.

He was removed to the cells, and the red roses ... wilted and died in the dust of the squalid hall of ... Justice.

* * * * * * *

It was a dark, miserable attic in a West End ... slum, and she was there, the woman for whose ... sake the man had dared even to be a thief, ... companion on that terrible road which leads from ... affluence to penury, his consoler under all trials, ... braver than the man for all his strength.

And she had longed for roses!

In her youth she had walked on a path ... strewn with her namesakes; for him she had ... chosen the thorny high road.

She was ill, and she wanted the flowers that ... had wafted their perfume to her in her youth.

They would bring back sweet memories, she ... she asked him for them.

His pockets were empty, but he swore she ... should have the roses.

"Red roses for passion, I... ance, and white ... for love," she had murmured.

"Which will you have first, Rose?" he ... jested.

"White."

She had given him the roses of her woman... hood—she should have her wish; and he kept his ... word. Rose had her white namesakes. He had ... refused to say what he had done with the latter.

She knew, but her silence was even more elo... quent than his. Just as the red roses had per... fumed the police court, so the scent of the white ... roses filled the attic. They lay on her ... heart. On the beautiful face was the smile that ... holds all the mystery of death, the smile with ... which she had received her lover's last gift.

The theft of the flowers from that fashionable ... florist's had been a man's last gift, but the ... penser of human justice saw only a thief.

* * * * *

The man undergoes his punishment, the ... woman sleeps in a pauper grave, but those who ... placed her there saw to it that she ...

A. M.

...TER SIDE OF THE SUMMER GAME.

By ROBERT ABEL.

...ricket field is not without its humour, ...st of us can recall funny happenings. ...I should think that the summer pastime ... in il... humorous incidents than any ...ng.

...l cricketers are very often fond of ... and a quarter of a century ago at ...ford Match in the North of England ...ers were opposed to the Gentlemen. The ...nny Briggs and R. G. Barlow, who ...ller, were playing, and used some- ... have their dinner sent up from home ...e ground.

...his particular day they had left their ...which was in a hand-bag, in the dress- ...n. One of the players happened to pos- ...ch fitted the bag, and, while one ...ing, he opened the bag and re- ...luncheon. Some of the Yorkshire ...ched the same, and replaced in ...two newly cut pieces of turf, wrapped ... the missing packages.

...LUNCH.

...interval arrived for lunch, Briggs ...rushed hungrily into the dressing- ... unlocked the bag, took out one ... and handed it to Briggs, who soon ...e contents. Barlow noticed him ...ed to undo his parcel, finding the ... his dinner. His feelings can be ... than described. Barlow re- ... "There's always something going on ...ese Yorkshiremen are about." To this ...does not know who the culprits were, ...e Watson and the late George Ulyett ...e credit of it.

...H... Ivo Bligh took out his eleven ..., the ship by which they travelled, ... ss. "Peshawur," came into col- ... "Glen Roy" barque, about 600 ... Colombo. It was in that collision ...ey, the professional, had the misfortune ...one of ... ribs broken, which incapaci- ... from playing regularly during the ...s a terrible affair, and the wonder ...were not drowned.

...ell-known players whose faces usually ...appearance of tanned leather, went as ...s sh...s. One of them, with a life-belt ... to leap into the water, but, see- ...marks, he decided to stay on board and ...s chance with the rest.

...ALL ADVANCES.

... professionals, who had not been ...st of terms with one another, were on ...and when the prevailing idea that we ...g down" came to their ears, one of ...ho...ght it would be as well to "die ... with the intention of putting his ...tice, he approached his brother pro- ..., saying with a sigh: "Don't you wish ...re back at the old home?" "No, I don't, ... than you do. I'm done with you!" ... rejoinder. He evidently ... the impression that their last moments ... was in no mood to receive over- ...ings.

... the middle of the eighties and ...were playing Gloucestershire on the ...College Ground. We batted on the ...afternoon, and when play ceased for the ...as one run short of the century and not ...I was at this time comparatively new to ...

... morning dawned, very wet and there was apparently little chance of play that day. But W. G. Grace, like the good old sportsman he always has been, was not going to allow me to stick at 99 if he could help it. I had yet to make my first hundred, and W. G. was going to help me if he could.

It was arranged that the Gloucestershire eleven should all go out into the field even in the pelting rain to give me a chance of obtaining the necessary one. So they did, in greatcoats, macintoshes, or at least with outer cuticles of some kind or other.

WHAT I WANTED—AND GOT.

All was ready, everybody was in position, and W. G. held the ball in his hand ready to bowl.

"How will you have it?" he asked me, and I promptly replied: "A full pitch to square-leg."

And a full pitch I got, just the right height, the very ball I wanted. The thought of the hundred lent vigour to my stroke, and the ball went soaring to the boundary. A hit, a palpable hit, and well worth six.

But, alas, "the best laid plans of mice an' men gang aft agley." They did in my case, for, as it happened, J. H. Brain, the well-known Gloucestershire and Oxford University player, was fielding at deep square-leg, and the chance of making a fine catch was too much for him. He held the ball safely and threw it up, and so I had to wait for my first century. This is the true story of how I just missed making my first century in the good old days.

HOME TRUTHS.

When an opportunity meets the right man, people start talking about luck.

* * * * * * *

The less experience a man has, the more advice he gives.

* * * * * * *

Pretty teeth are responsible for more smiles than a sunny nature.

* * * * * * *

The keenest envy is that which the henpecked husband and the bachelor who has been disappointed in love feel for each other.

* * * * * * *

Gossip is what other people say about us; conversation is what we say about them.

* * * * * * *

An overdose of rest is much more fatiguing than too much work.

* * * * * * *

When women kiss each other, it's just another example of the natural wastefulness of the sex.

* * * * * * *

Some men don't make enemies because they are too lazy; others don't make friends because they are too busy.

* * * * * * *

The man who means to succeed works without a time-table.

* * * * * * *

A man's business may be a success but the man himself a failure.

* * * * * * *

The trouble with most men is that all their lives they fish in ponds with hooks baited for whales.

* * * * * * *

No one is a fool always; everyone sometimes.

* * * * * * *

There are wings on the money that a man has not earned.

* * * * * * *

Money makes the world go—wrong mostly.

MILITARY CYCLING.

IT BEATS CLUB RUNS HOLLOW.

There must be many enthusiastic cyclists among the readers of THE MODERN MAN who are not Territorials, and it is to them I desire to speak.

Probably many of these readers would dearly like to join some local branch of the Territorial Army, but are deterred by the fact that by so doing they will have to forfeit the pleasure of their Saturday and Sunday club runs.

Now I want to tell you of the best cycling social club in the world—your local Territorial Cyclists Battalion.

Join this and all the delights of the very best cycling club will be yours; you will be learning useful and highly interesting things; you will find out more about the handling of a bicycle than you ever dreamt of in your club days, and, moreover, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are learning to be of use to your country.

The military Cyclists have many advantages over their brother Territorials. Being primarily scouts, their work is of a more varied and interesting character than that of the foot regiments, and the men have to use discretion and act upon their own responsibility more, and are not merely machines for the carrying out of their superior officer's orders.

Their manœuvring and mimic fighting is most exciting, as they do not fight like massed troops, but wage a continual skirmishing warfare. Their idea is to harass the enemy by making surprise raids and night attacks, and to find out all particulars as to his strength and position.

One great advantage enjoyed by the Cyclist units is that, being chiefly intended for coast defence, they are generally given some place near the sea for a camping ground.

This is ever so much more pleasant than living under canvas on some dreary inland plain, as most will admit.

As it is recognised that the Cyclists can cover long distances with less fatigue than either foot regiments or cavalry, they have been deputed, in the event of invasion, to be the first to have the honour of coping with the intruders.

Having told you a little about the character of the Cyclists' work, I will give you now a general impression of the sort of bicycle most suited to the work.

It is essential that the machine be strongly built, as it has to carry more and meets with rougher usage than a machine used under ordinary conditions. It should also, if possible, be built low, as when mounting in a hurry it is very convenient to be able to vault into the saddle without the aid of the pedals or step.

Brakes must be powerful; a back-pedalling brake or fixed wheel being preferable. Tyres should be of the best quality roadster or tandem pattern, and should not be less than one-and-a-half inches in diameter. Mudguards should, of course, be fitted, and it is advisable to have a front extension and mud flap in addition. Toe-clips are essential if a fixed wheel is being used.

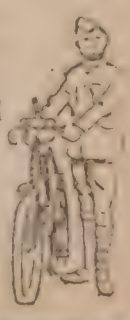
It is best not to have a gear case, as it is liable to get dented and broken with the treatment it will receive while at camp. A single gear of from sixty-five inches to seventy inches is the best; have a multi-speed hub if you like, but, if you do, fix the control lever immediately underneath the saddle, by shortening the cable, where it will be out of harm's way, and the cable will not stand so much risk of being broken. The rims should be of steel, and roller brakes, on a rather wide, upturned handlebar, are preferable to any other.

The authorities will supply you with a serviceable toolbag, cape, valise and rifle clip, as well as with other equipment.

A grant is made yearly as payment for wear and tear of bicycles.

In conclusion, just go to the nearest headquarters and get particulars; then go for a trial run with the battalion—they will allow you to do this—and see what a glorious time you will have.

F. S. WARWICK BAKER.



The Race of Life

A STUDY.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

An' I ha' done what I ha' done—Judge Thou if ill or well.—MACANDREW'S HYMN.

Occasionally, when a winning week has rendered the Day of Rest a day of happy meditation for me—when I can picture in my mind the thirty-six races I have seen run from Monday to Saturday without cursing to myself—then I put aside the well-thumbed volumes entitled "Races Past" and the "Racing Calendar," select my thickest old ash stick and my most beloved briar pipe, and sally forth from my cottage by the River Thames to walk the two miles along the dusty country road that leads at last to "Ayrshire Villa," where peace reigns supreme.

As I near the house it is my habit to whistle the burthen of an old song that was popular in the nineties, and cheered the racing regulars even after a drizzling, losing day under National Hunt rules up North.

Immediately I hear the tapping of a stick on the tiled path that leads to the ivy-covered porch, and then that stick waves excitedly above the brambled fence that hides the view.

"Hallo, youngster!" calls the cheery voice of old Tim Sealy, who has retired from the Turf.

"What ho, Tim!"

He stretches out his hand to me, opens the gate, and bids me a welcome the sincerity of which there is no doubting.

It is such little touches of friendliness as these that make even the life of a racing regular worth the living after all. Perhaps his hand trembles a little as he raises the glass of mildly intoxicating beverage that is served to us on the lawn by the ponderous but kindly Mrs. Sealy, but there is a sparkle in his eye as he wishes me "another hundred to three pop," a toast beloved of the racing man.

"There's life in the old dog yet," he says bravely. "Now, how are all the boys?"

The "boys" he mentions are many of them on the shady side of fifty, but, like good stayers, still going strong.

"You men want to talk, I know," says Mrs. Sealy, wiping her hands on her spotless apron. "I'll go."

Then an air of mystery permeates the lawn in front of "Ayrshire Villa." Mr. Timothy looks round cautiously.

From his pocket he draws a yellow-covered "Guide," containing the past week's results, which, because the "Daily News" is the only paper allowed inside the house, I send him on Saturdays in a sealed envelope.

He turns the thin leaves over lovingly. There is a smile of pure delight and enjoyment on his face.

"Ah, here we are!" he says with deep satisfaction. I wait for the question which I know is coming. He lays down his pipe, and, watching him, I smoke on.

* * * * * * *

"I told you," he said excitedly, "that Villeton was the best two-year-old seen out this season. It says here he won his race at Kempton on Friday by half a length. How did he finish?"

"Without turning a hair," I answered, calling to mind the picture of the owner leading Villeton in after he had won the "National Breeders'." "Could have won by three lengths, I should think, if he'd wanted to."

"I thought so. His dam was just such another good 'un. It's grand blood. His sire won this race in a canter ten years ago, and I had a good week, boy—a royal week. It was Romano's every night with the 'boys.' But old Charlie's gone. So is Chippy, and poor old Dick, one of the most confidin' and generous bookies that ever went racing. The Race of Life, for them, is over; they've passed the Post, and I'm still running. Old Tim is still 'with 'em'! But, boy, I've turned Tattenham Corner, and I'm well on in the last furlong of the straight, droppin' out gradually like a beaten fav'rite. Damn nuisance, you know, boy; but you can put your money down on Time with confidence. He catches you at last. He's a stayer—a Cup horse!"

He turned to the "Sporting Life Guide" again.

"Villeton," he mused, "a sort of baby—and *I* won a pot over your grandsire, as you might say; and *his* sire before him has carried my money in many a classic race. That's goin' back far beyond *your* time, when old Bend Or, descendant of the Stockwell Blood, was pickin' up all the big stakes, and the lads of the village planked it down, layin' the odds on him like men."

The old man passed his hand over his forehead, and with a tense expression seemed to look into the past.

"I see a different Epsom," he went on, "Epsom in the old time, when half of us had to pad the hoof through Croydon to the Downs, when we slept on the course with the gipsies lyin' around us overnight.

"We fall asleep a little while—then the stars fade and day is dawnin', and it's chilly, very chilly. No money for Tatt's unless a bit of luck in the first race gives us a good start for the rest of the day. The carriages an' landaus an' four-in-hands are arrivin' with Lord This and the Dook o' That; gentry wot I know personally, as waves their whips to me and chucks me a dollar for luck—some of which I've repaid with interest since, when I've met 'em broke, but still happy, at Alexandra Park.

"The dollars turn out lucky. Timothy rises on the Wheel of Fortune. It's Tattersall's for him, and he's a full-blown racin' regular at last, with brass enough to work the First Favourite System and sense enough to pack up when he's won on the day. He's got well away in the Race of Life, with a clear lead of the Field.

"Now it means stickin' it, which is hard—uncommon hard. Here's chances to take without flinchin' and money to play up for a good win to get a winter's keep and a bit besides over the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire.

"'On the Double, gentlemen. I'm bettin' on the Double'! I can hear old Chippy's familiar cry now a-ringin' in my ears; and there's Charlie gaily takin' a thousand to fifteen about namin' the two winners, and invitin' me to follow suit. But, no. I make my investments with caution, and work out each horse on his book form before takin' a tip for him in earnest, because at the bottom there's nothin' like good public form unless you're dealin' with sellin'-platers and Leger horses. I learn to pick out a stumer on sight, and trust a wrong 'un as far as I can kick the beggar. This is all stickin' it. This is ridin' cautious before lettin' your mount well out in the race." Tim paused and smiled at me slyly.

"Not that there weren't little happy nights with the boys before the missus was the missus—nights when that there gay young spark the little Marquis of—well, names don't matter—used to stand us orgies wrapped up regular Oriental fashion. The marquis shuffled it in seventy-one, and I'm the only one left of the little band of [illegible] sparks, and I'm payin' for those nights now. 'The wine we drank and the [illegible] we pressed have ended in the Nothing all things end in,' you see. Nothing but a trembling hand and a twinge of gout, which apparently old Omar Khayyam got off.

"There was a horse of his name once. That's how I came to buy a copy of the pomelet and I'd won a pony over Omar at the Newmarket Craven. 'The lips we press——'"

The old racing regular paused, and slipped the "Guide" into his pocket.

"I wasn't four-an'-twenty then—ye would judge a child?" He was quoting confusedly again. "For all that bit of extra weight shown on in the handicap, I handled my mount ridin' well, Lincoln Spring to Manchester November, with Fortune smilin' and frowning pretty alternately—a bad week here, a good there—but still managin' to avoid getting 'skinned' in—keepin' up with the Field in Life's Race.

"Yes, I tell you, it was a struggle to keep in front!" The old man's voice rose, and he clutched the edge of the table. "But there was glory in it all—somethin' that wanted all your wits sharpened if you meant to keep the lead somethin' that made your young blood tingle and put steel into your backbone. The prizes were worth the winning, and the race was for the fittest in the field—a hundred things to battle against and the Devil himself to beat.

"There was no lookin' back. Out for glories—out to win—and pay first [illegible] post! No time to lodge objections to the 'friends' ings and borings in the Race—the 'friends' that robbed you, the 'pals' that played [illegible] on you. You'd got to keep *there*, bang in front with a little bit up your sleeve to come along with a rush like dear old Danny at the finish—the magic spurt that beats the fav'rite on the rails!

"I've seen a thousand races won by [illegible] sent jockeyship. From them, all unconsciously, I learned these things. A cool head, a keen eye, and above all things a perfect judgment of pace—these will win you the Race of Life!

* * * * * * *

But there are no visits to "Ayrshire Villa" now, for old Tim Sealy, who got well to the front in the Race of Life when Ayrshire won the Derby, finally passed the Post just after Minoru won the Blue Riband of the Turf for the premier Sportsman in the world.

FUN WITH A TUBE.

Endless fun can be had in the water with a well-inflated bicycle tyre-tube.

A motor-car tube is better, but that is beyond the reach of most of us, and the cycle tube answers wonderfully well.

You can trundle the tube upon the surface of the water as a child does a hoop, and to keep this up for any length of time requires considerably more skill than is needed for ordinary water polo, for you have to swim fast to maintain the tube in its upright position.

Competitions can easily be arranged among your friends as to who can trundle the tube farthest.

But it is not so much in a competitive way that you will get the fullest enjoyment out of the tube, for so far there has not been invented a definite game in which it may be used; what you really want to use it for is just fun in a general way.

You can throw it at one another, the thrower endeavouring to get it over the other's head, while the latter does his best to dodge it.

With a motor-tube you can have [illegible] amusement, for it is much more buoyant, and if you put it beneath your armpits it will act like a life-belt and keep you floating.

Also it is capable of upsetting you at the most unexpected moments.

The idea of using inflated tubes for [illegible] sport originated this summer at Ostend, and is being rapidly adopted at many of our own seaside resorts.

ROUBLES OF A YOUNG
N WHO WANTED TO
OWN A HACK.

My Horse-buying Experiences.

as been said that you
not buy a horse even from
rn brother, which is merely another way
essing the fact that in the horse-dealing
s there is probably more trickery than in
er.

fore I consider that my experience, as
lute amateur in the matter of horse-buy-
y be profitable even to those who do not
to emulate my example, for in horse-
we seem to have an embodiment of
spect of business trickery, and if I were
hy man and had a son whom I wished
ate in business caution, I should give
hundred pounds to invest in horseflesh
r him another hundred as a prize if he
d to secure one decent hack at the end
ransactions.

r own case, a love of horses was innate,
a legacy from some ancestor, for I had
had anything whatsoever to do with
I harboured an ambition, however, to
, and at length my salary was raised
ly to make the possession of a horse a
ay.

rst step was to give up my lodgings in
and to take others some miles out in
ntry.

THE RISK.

andladies whom I interviewed,
en rather surprised at my declining
their terms, for the prices they asked
erate, and in many cases the
I could have wished for; but
requiring lodgings in a house to
stable was attached, and I had to look
time before I found such a place, but
lly I did.

ld not pluck up the courage to advertise
lace, for I had no horse to stable.
, however, that I must have a stall
f I were going to be an owner.
ll
orget returning to my London
fixing up fresh digs in the
I made out a budget of expenses, show-
ot I had saved by the cheaper rooms in
ntry, even after paying for my season
nd eventually I arrived at the pleasing
that I could afford to keep a horse
d salary without any rise at all.
most compilers of budgets, I omitted
essential
ne heading of "sundries."

savings amounted to some thirty pounds,
which I had banked in case of sickness
ployment. It seemed highly improbable
should be sick, for I was as fit as a fiddle;
for
ployment, my best guarantee
no danger on that score lay in
I was
to enjoy.
seemed no immediate need for the
pounds, I determined to invest it in the
his of horseflesh.

an hour for lunch
eating during most of it,
on a sandwich and a glass
to save time and enable me to
to Aldridge's or Tattersall's. There
oth my eyes open and soon I picked up
deal concerning horses.

SCHOOL TRAINING.

to mention that I had already spent
a course of riding lessons, so
o be able to ride, but the
gets of horses in the riding
ery elementary character.
well disciplined, and are led out
alled and bridled, and you mount
them much as you would do a
cycle. The equine temperament and
seem to have been removed altogether,
aid of showing your ignorance, you do not
ask certain questions about horses to
you would very much like an answer.
therefore, had turned me out able to ride certainly, but that was all. I had no knowledge of what constituted the points of a horse, neither had I the faintest idea as to the tests of his age and soundness.

Each time I went to a horse sale I armed myself with one of the catalogues which were given away free, and studied the conditions of buying and selling and the meaning of the word "warranty," and at last I felt that I was competent to take the plunge and to buy a horse.

I dropped into Aldridge's one lunch hour and watched the animals being trotted up and down. This one was too heavy; that one's ears lay back, which I had read somewhere was a bad sign; the next one was grey, and I did not care for grey horses. The fourth was a light brown, and he trotted beautifully. He was possessed of plenty of spirit and he set his feet down firmly.

THE EXPERTS.

When he stopped beside the auctioneer's rostrum, men came up and examined his mouth and some ran their hands down his legs. I did not examine his mouth; it would not have served any useful purpose, for I knew nothing of the signs to be read therein; as to his age, I did not worry, for it was obvious to anybody that he was young.

He was exactly the sort of horse I had dreamed of, not too big, for I had learned in the riding school that big horses were rough to ride, and with that style about him which was just what I wanted.

The bidding was already in progress, and it reached sixteen and a half guineas. I expected that it would go up to close on thirty, and I was quite prepared to pay as much, but I resolved that I would step into the bidding now so that I could have the excitement of the thing.

The auctioneer said: "Sixteen and a half!" and looked round.

I nodded.

"Seventeen!" he said. "Any advance on seventeen?"

There was no advance, and the horse was knocked down to me.

TOO GOOD A BARGAIN.

My face fell, I suppose, for certainly my feelings did. I felt that it was unlikely that a really good horse could be bought at a London sale during the Season for seventeen guineas, and I began to have an uneasy feeling that there must have been something the matter and that the various experts and dealers had seen something that I had missed, for otherwise, why did they not run the price up, why had they allowed me to secure this beauty for such a moderate sum?

I followed the horse back to his stall and there I examined him with all the importance of a proprietor. As I was looking at him, a young fellow came up and spoke to me.

"You've got a nice horse there," he said, and I admitted that I had. "I've got one down in a stable in Chelsea," he continued, "and I think I'd like to swap it for yours."

I thanked him and told him that I did not mean to do any swapping.

"There's only one thing I don't like about him," he said, "and that's this lump on his near fore pastern. I wonder what it is."

"Muscle," I said.

In the auctioneer's office I paid the price for the horse in five-pound notes, for I had brought them with me, fearing that my cheque might not be honoured, and then I went to a saddler's and bought a second-hand saddle for thirty shillings, and a bridle for fifteen shillings. One of the saddler's men carried them over for me to Aldridge's, and I saw them hung up in the stable behind my new purchase.

My lunch hour was running to an end, and I tipped one of the stablemen to introduce me to someone who would ride the horse home for me. He came out with me to the street and selected one of the hangers-on who stood at the edge of the kerb, and after bargaining with this worthy, I secured his promise to ride the horse out to where I lived for 7s. 6d. and his railway fare back to town.

I shall never forget that afternoon.

How I managed to put it in I do not know, for my thoughts were anywhere but on my work. I knocked off at six o'clock sharp and took train home.

WAITING FOR THE ARRIVAL.

The horse had not yet arrived, and I spent the bulk of the evening at the gate of the cottage, looking down the road for the first glimpse of him. Darkness fell, and still he did not turn up. It was midnight when I went to bed, and I left the window wide open so that I should hear the first sound of hoofs.

At six o'clock I was up, but still the horse did not arrive. At seven o'clock while I was breakfasting, I heard the longed-for sound and bolted to the front door. My new purchase was pawing the ground outside.

The man explained to me that the horse was practically unrideable, and that after much trouble in getting him through the London traffic, he had been compelled to stable him in the suburbs for the night.

I paid him his charge and also the cost of the stabling, took the horse into the stable, fed him, and started for work.

In the evening I rode that horse for the first time, and found that he shied at everything, from a motor-car to a white gate-post.

When I came back, an old cavalryman, who is living on his pension, looked over the garden gate, and we began to discuss the horse. He said he did not like the look of the lump that ran round the near fore pastern, and he advised me to have a vet. to examine the horse.

THE VET'S VERDICT.

Next day was Saturday, and in the afternoon I rode the horse to the vet's place.

"Great Scott!" he said. "That's a ringbone, and the horse is liable to go lame at any time. If you keep him it may cost you your life. Get rid of him."

I paid him his half-guinea fee for the examination, and sorrowfully walked the horse home.

I considered the matter and eventually decided to put him up for auction at Tattersall's, and he fetched less than half what I paid for him.

I was determined not to be beaten, however, and once more I set about saving all I could to raise sufficient funds for a fresh adventure in horseflesh, and eventually I found myself possessed of some twenty-five pounds.

SATISFIED AT LAST.

This time I did not trust myself in the matter of selection, but went to the biggest firm of horse-hirers in London, told them what I could afford to pay, and asked them to supply me with the best hack they could at that price.

They had a reputation to maintain.

In their riding school I tried various horses, and eventually found one that I liked. I took him home, making the stipulation that I should be allowed a month's trial, and if I was not satisfied, should simply pay hiring rates.

But I am satisfied. The horse has his faults, as probably have all others of his species, but he affords me exercise and enables me to indulge in my one and only hobby, which is that of horsemanship.

WALTER TAYLOR.

BEN.

A SKETCH.

The first time I saw Ben Tring was at the station, a little wayside country station, a tall, shiftless looking old man, with two equally disreputable mongrels at his heels.

I learn that he is generally to be found at all times of the day and night somewhere in this vicinity, for the station is his rendezvous for sale or purchase transactions; his consulting-room where he deals out advice—and death!

The picturesque pedlar, the wandering minstrel have vanished, but the dog man has taken their place, and Ben Tring is quite a village character, though he has long since lost his own.

I do not know what his age is, nor where he first saw the light, but he is as much an institution as the village pump, and of the two he is the more easily set running and the more difficult to turn off—both have never been known to run dry.

He will talk till you wonder that he does not run short of breath, especially when he is trying to sell you a dog.

But his energy, like his flow of language, appears to be inexhaustible.

Nature has given him a tongue, but she has forgotten to give him a backbone. He has a vivid imagination, but as it has never been trained, it has only run to unkempt hair, dirty hands and general untidiness.

He is popularly supposed to know everything about dogs and their ailments, but what he does not know would fill a series, while what he does know could be printed on a handbill. He is the amateur vet. of the district, and, as he loses as many patients as his fully qualified brother, his position remains secure.

Ben is a democrat, but he does not mind doing odd jobs for the local gentry, who in the opinion of his neighbours spoil him by lending him books and talking to him, until Ben gives himself the airs of a genius, which to them is only another word for loafer.

When Ben is paid for his labours he says "Thank you, sir," in a wonderfully servile tone for so true a Socialist. Ben may believe that he has a right to bread, but that "sir," judiciously spoken, means butter on his bread.

From the tales he tells, he has been many things in his life from a knight errant down to a watercress grower, but ever and always a liar.

He has a wonderful specific for dogs that are "bad doers."

It works miracles—according to himself.

Out of curiosity I took the trouble to find out exactly what it was, and discovered that it was nothing more than a little bit of dried mandrake.

But Ben calls it the "elixir of canine vitality."

His home is as dirty as himself, a dog kennel with evidences of the higher life in the shape of books and pictures.

A bull bitch and her litter of pups occupy the bottom of a cupboard, and tied to the table leg is a fox terrier who loves not Ben, and judging from the collection of articles under the table Ben's aim is as poor as the dog's opinion of his kindness.

Between Ben and the village Wise Woman is a mortal feud.

They are two of a trade; both liars.

There is a beautiful simplicity about Ben in business matters. I recollect an instance.

I had given him a cheque for a dog. Some weeks later he came up in a state of great agitation. He had lost that cheque. Would I give him another?

He looked at me in the simplest and most innocent kind of way, but there was a sufficient reason for my sternly refusing to do him the favour he asked.

The cancelled cheque was in my possession. He had cashed it at the Post Office, and on the back was written "for dog licenses."

I mentioned this to him.

Ben said his memory played him odd tricks at times!

M. Bruce.

MY NOTEBOOK.

SPORTING GIRLS.

A lady reader—I have one or two of them—sends me a very pleasant letter which she ends up with a protest.

"You and your writers," she says, "appear to take it for granted that sport is a matter only for men. My opinion is that a girl can be just as good a sportsman as a man can."

I quite agree with my correspondent, and, as a sportsman of necessity comes in contact with different types of girls who go in for athletics, it may be of some little interest if I express my own opinion and detail my experiences on this point.

There are thoroughly sporting girls, but they are very hard to find, and the type we generally see is what has been described as the hockey girl. She wears a hideous sweater, short skirts and thick-soled boots, and she carries her hockey stick even when she does not need it. She always has a raucous voice and talks the most horrible piffle. To be in the same railway carriage with her and some of her friends is a penance severe enough, I should think, to bring the greatest sinner forgiveness for all his peccadilloes.

She is a she-bounder whom I most cordially detest. A masculine girl is as loathly to me as is an effeminate man.

THE HELPLESS TYPE.

There is another type of girl who alleges that she is an expert at sport, but who falls far short of having any title to such a description. She is of the helpless type, as awkward at sport as a pretty girl can be, and hopelessly dependent upon the man who may be out with her. She is the sort of girl who cannot light her own bicycle lamp, and who is constantly getting her skirt mixed up with the spokes of the wheel.

A PUNTING EPISODE.

It has been my experience to be out with such a girl in a punt. We were rapidly drifting down in a very strong current, and when we came alongside the bank I asked her to catch the mooring chain, as it was very difficult for me to bring the punt to a standstill, for the river here was too deep to use the pole, and I was wholly dependent upon the paddle.

To my great alarm she stood up in the punt and prepared to catch the chain in that position. I asked her to kneel down instead, but—I suppose because she thought she wouldn't look pretty kneeling—she insisted on keeping her feet. If she had caught the chain in that position, she would unquestionably have been whisked out of the punt, so I back-watered and wheeled the nose of our craft right away from the bank so that she could not do herself harm.

It took me a good deal of engineering to get that punt to the bank so that I could catch the mooring chain myself. Under the circumstances I should have been glad of her assistance and she was perfectly ready to offer it, but she lacked the sporting instinct, and, had I not been careful, there would probably have been a tragedy.

A girl of this type is in no sense to be likened to the hockey girl, for there is nothing of the bounder about her, but in matters connected with sport she is simply incompetent.

THE GIRL FOR THE SPORTSMAN.

I have left to the last the best type of sporting girl. I know several such and I have the highest respect and admiration for them.

The genuine sporting girl never walks with long strides, and you seldom find her in athletic clothes except when she is engaged in sport. She is a thorough lover of sport, and it does not interfere in any way with her charming womanliness.

I know some girls who can ride a horse that few men would care to tackle, and fragile little slips they look when they are in the saddle. You would scarcely think that their arms were enough to hold a puller. Their strength of the muscular variety, but a thorough sporting instinct and s just the way to handle a horse.

And these girls excel at their spor coming loud of voice or of manne the type of girl who is a real pal sporting instinct, and you are ext if you come across them, for they are no found.

SPORT, SO FAR AS I AM CONCERNED.

Talking about sport brou mind another letter which ceived some time ago. I h it looked up in the file, and produce the following extract from it:

"It beats me," says this correspondent, "h you manage to control a business of the s that yours must now be, for, as far as I c gather from the paper, your interest in life to be almost wholly of a sporting cha must find it very irksome to go throug ordinary humdrum routine of business."

Doubtless I should find a humdrum irksome, but the work of an editori becomes monotonous, for no one another.

To my mind, business is intens ing, but there is very little to be said and though I give up one page the discussion of business topics, I justified in giving a business tone to of the paper. A paper of this class is rea times and after work, and at such do not desire to have your thoug the labours of the day; rather do you w ing matter that will bring up before your m eye mental pictures and impressions of s in which you yourself have at some time ta part. Such articles and stories enab the rea to enjoy a pleasing experience by pro retrospect.

That is partly why the tone of this paper essentially sporting. It is designed to appe men and to do so in their leisure moments, a to accomplish this end, I saw from the be ning that I must keep the paper, of a sporti character.

To be perfectly candid, however, I must c fess that, besides this philosophic reasoning in matter of policy, there is also my own pers bias. Time and again I have worked with a sporting ideal before me. As a youngster it w to purchase a bicycle. Later on a horse, and forth. I think that the thought of sport help a man in his day's labours. At least I kn that during a particularly hard day it acts as mental tonic when I think of my evening recreation.

And I do work.

STRAIN.

A man will sweat and throw himself on ing at the end of a race. He is done time being, but he does not grumble in fact he is perfectly happy, though ex I feel precisely the same in business.

Usually the business of these offices smoothly, but on Press day, when examine every page before the paper goes machine, the strain is tremendous.

The passing of the pages has to rapidly, and it is necessary to keep absolute tension during the process. fess that the strain of this is greater I have ever experienced at any sport.

On more than one occasion when the last has been finally passed, I have thrown into an easy chair, absolutely done out.

Five minutes later, however, I am as fr ever, and when I reach home I go for my ap ments with even more satisfaction than for I feel that I have earned them several over—and, besides, it is another week till Pr day comes round again.

YOU'R

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

CHOOSING AN INN.

HINTS FOR THE CYCLIST AND THE WALKER.

reader of these pages is the sort of man ect to paying money for value received; country lover who visits all sorts and ns of inns during his summer rambles, awheel, is more often victimised by un- ous proprietors and proprietresses than her class.

single customers are at a disadvantage nd. They arrive thirsty, hungry, and a picturesque village or a quaint country they long for a wash, a meal, and a smoke enair before beginning the walk homeward.

always difficult to spot the most com- reasonable house in a strange place. earances are deceptive.

urist is content with bread and cheese r in a stuffy general bar, for this no igh price can be charged. When at lace little extra attention and variety and drink are demanded, then the oes up—like a well-inflated balloon. The s of the keepers of these places—thank rs are others, though one usually late—is in reality a very short- ; a penny wise pound foolish one; and or later will result in their total neglect their local customers who merely want eer.

stranger," they argue. "He will e this way again; let's rush him right

of hard cold beef, imitation nd stale apple pies are put before ined and frayed tablecloth; and man dines in shabby-genteel an exorbitant charge.

one dare to ask for half a bottle of the impression at once gets abroad that enaire in disguise is in the house, and ses of the landlord's ingenious y "extras" are worked up and six- e is added to each dish.

too, errors are made intentionally in ing up of the bill. result is that for a bit of grub that ought left enough money for a couple of drinks half-a-crown, the charge runs into some- erilously near five shillings.

avoid these disappointing experiences the always makes a practice of inquiring veral people in a town as to where com- d sweet reasonableness can be found, ed with plenty, cleanliness, and civility. know so much about the inner character wn's houses of refreshment as does the a chat with him is often as good as side books and advertisements.

common-sense and can grasp a as readily as anybody.

nimble twopence pressed into his usually palm, will secure you a decent meal at nt price, and you will be saved not only but also the annoyance that comes ognising a fleecing inn.

ust not be supposed that the majority of are given to practices such as I have indicate, but that there are far too many one of my fellow country lovers and rs will deny.

difficulty is in bringing them to book and ning others against them, for in England uth, frankly told, is a most dangerous f slander, and the written truth is worse, a libel.

Perhaps the law may be altered.

ing inn-keeper may be exposed without the risk of a costly libel then his victims will be lost to him. But, t happy time arrives, it is up to each r to guard himself against imposition, e methods I have indicated are the best s purpose.

T. MURRAY.

LANGUAGE.

The golfer had hit somebody in the eye, and the person principally concerned hadn't liked it. In fact he had brought an action for damages against the golfer, and at the time this veracious history opens, evidence was being taken before the judge as to everything that concerned the matter, and a good many things that did not.

"When this happened," said the judge to a bystander who had seen the whole affair, and who was now in the witness box, "was he addressing the ball?"

The witness scratched his head.

"Well, sir," said the witness, "I'm no golfer, and I don't know what he was addressing, but I hardly think it was a Sunday school."

A PROMISING PUP.

"Pa," said the little boy, "I wish you'd buy me a pony."

His father looked up from his newspaper and scowled, as he was in the habit of doing when the little boy made requests.

"Tommy," he said, "you are much too old to bother about ponies."

Tommy took the usual minute required for childish meditation, and then he opened his lips.

"Then, Pa," he said, "please buy me a horse."

HIS ONE ANXIETY.

The expression on the face of the chauffeur grew tense and more tense.

"Is there anything the matter?" asked the owner of the car, a wealthy Jew who had taken to the easiest form of sport in his middle age.

"Yes," said the chauffeur. "The thing has got out of control and I can't stop it."

Was the owner alarmed?

Did he fear the coming impact?

Not so.

"If you really cannot stop it," he said to the chauffeur, "be very careful that you collide with something cheap."

You see what a beautiful thing habit is.

THOSE HOME-MADE TIES.

"I thought," said Smith, "that you prided yourself on being robust and that you never wore a muffler."

Brown shook his head sadly and sighed.

"I don't usually," he said, "and this isn't supposed to be a muffler. It's a tie my sweetheart knitted."

A NEAT CATCH.

He was one of those persons who are always trying to get money for nothing, and when somebody told him that 1864 pennies were always worth £7 15s. 4d., he started round the town to collect as many as he could. For some he paid twopence, and for others he had to give as much as sixpence each.

Eventually he got about a hundred pennies, and he returned to the man who had mentioned £7 15s. 4d. and asked where he could dispose of them at this price. It was the easiest game he had ever tried.

"1864 pennies," said his friend, "are always worth £7 15s. 4d., but a penny of that date is worth just one penny."

Thus was another friendship shattered.

GAMES AND THE MAN.

HOW THEY MOULD CHARACTER.

"Superior persons" are apt to sneer at the man who plays games, and sometimes, one must admit, there is something to be said for the attitude, objectionable though it, and those who assume it, are as a rule.

The man who never does anything except play games is not much of a man, while as for the putty imitation of a man that spends all "its" time watching games, "it" deserves all the hard things said about "it."

There is, however, one aspect of the games and the man question which is often overlooked; and that is the usually valuable part that games play in keeping a man straight and clean-living.

Certainly sports will do the same, but then we can't all of us afford such sports as shooting, or even fishing; while, on the other hand, most of us can afford to play a game of some kind, and be all the better men for playing it, even if there is no danger of our going to the "demnition bow-wows," as Mr. Mantalini would put it.

For the man who is making a fool, or worse, of himself there is salvation in games.

Some years ago I had a friend who was on the verge of becoming a drunkard, if, indeed, he were not one already. Anyway, he had arrived at the stage when he drank for drinking's sake, and that is always a pretty bad sign.

I managed to get him to come golfing with me. The game fascinated him, as it fascinates most who ever try it, and from that date his reformation began.

He was not at all anxious in the beginning to reform, and he tried to play golf on whisky. Naturally, he found it couldn't be done.

My friend liked golf, and he liked whisky. For weeks it was a battle between the two, and the game won. To-day my friend is a sane man, who can take a friendly glass, and at golf he is on the scratch mark.

I have known other men who have been saved by games, not from an actual vice, perhaps, but from general slackness.

Often you come across a man—even a young one—who seems to have lost all real interest in life. His work is inevitably affected for the worse by such an outlook, and he is not enjoying life as he ought to do.

I have in mind one young chap who didn't seem to do anything—good or bad. He didn't drink, smoke, or indulge in any other masculine weakness, but he didn't put his back into his work.

I don't know who got him to take up football, but he did take it up, and, from the date of his doing so, his work improved greatly, and his position in his office became assured.

Mind you he *played* the game; he didn't watch others playing it.

Parents are often alarmed when they hear of their sons taking to billiards. They have a vague idea that billiards is inseparable from drink and gambling, and so on. Well, of course, if a man is bent on boozing or gambling, a billiard saloon offers facilities for both; but a man who is really fond of, and good at, billiards is not going to spoil his play by drinking, nor is he going to unsteady his nerves and again spoil his play by gambling.

If I had a son, and he wanted to play billiards, I should do my best to make him a "tip-topper," for then I should know that his love of the game and his pride in his skill would keep him straight. On the other hand, if I found that he had no real fondness for the game, and frequented billiard saloons for other reasons, I should make things jolly hot for him.

There are other ways in which games act as moral agents. They are invaluable in teaching a man to keep his temper, to win or lose like a gentleman, and to "play the game"; while there are few games that do not train and exercise the mind as well as the body. These are familiar points, but I do not think people recognise the fact that to excel at a game a man must be a clean-living man.

W. S. ECKFORD.

Rapid Physical Development

NEW SYSTEMS.

I have an inquiry from an Oldham reader which raises a point of interest to all physical culturists.

"Why is it," he asks, "that so many men who go in for physical culture have such an array of appliances and take so many different people's courses of instructions? Surely if one developer is the right thing and one course is perfect, there is no need for anything else. In fact, I do not think that a developer is required at all if a man follows such exercises as yours."

I have specially designed these exercises so that they can be carried through without any appliances, for there are many men who do not care to go to the expense of buying apparatus, and it is my desire to tempt them to take up physical culture; also I consider my own system to be complete in itself.

On the other hand, I am a great supporter of variety in physical culture, and the man who can afford to buy many different kinds of apparatus and who has the money to purchase the different courses of instruction, is well advised in doing so.

Staleness is a thing that is felt by athletes in every sport and also by the physical culturist in his exercises. The time inevitably comes, unless he is a very exceptional man, when he gets weary of doing the same exercises daily, and when he feels the need for novelty. His muscles appreciate this need as well as his mind. When he buys a new kind of developer and takes up a new system of physical culture, he experiences fresh interest in his exercises, and his muscles respond more quickly to the training to which he subjects them.

A change of apparatus and system is to the physical culturist exactly what a change of diet is to the stomach. It bucks you up and whets your appetite.

THE MUSCLES OF THE SIDES.

The muscles of the flanks are difficult to develop, as comparatively few of our favourite sports call them into play. They are nevertheless important, for it is they, more than any other muscles, that give to the athlete his much-envied figure.

It is the desire to possess an athletic figure that prompts many to take up physical culture, and this ambition is nothing to be ashamed of.

I know of no better exercise than the following for the accomplishment of this purpose.

Keep the arms in a straight line, as shown.

Stand with the feet about a yard apart. Spread the arms out till they are in a straight line with the shoulders, and keep them in a straight line throughout the whole of the exercise.

Now lunge to the right, till the right hand touches the floor as near to your right foot as possible.

Regain your position and do the exercise in a similar manner with the left hand, lunging to the left side.

Repeat half-a-dozen times.

During the exercise you will experience a tendency to lower the arm slightly; but this you must not do. It is absolutely essential that the arms should be kept in a straight line throughout the whole exercise.

THE FEET.

I am devising some special exercises for the development of the feet. They will appear shortly.

I am not, of course, doing this to increase the size of your pedal extremities, but to make them stronger.

It is astonishing how the appearance of some men when they are stripped is spoilt to the critical eye by some defect in their feet, slightly inturned ankles or bent toes. The latter are caused chiefly by tight boots, and as a preliminary to the exercises which I shall give, I should advise you to see that your footgear is quite easy for you in all respects. It need not on that account look clumsy.

A NECK AND BACK EXERCISE.

Seat yourself on a chair and pass a towel behind your neck, holding each end of it firmly in your hands.

Now lower the hands, forcing the head downwards, and all the time resisting the downward pressure with the neck.

Self-contained tug-of-war.

This exercise amounts simply to a tug-of-war between the neck and the back and the arms. While the hands pull down the neck is pulling back.

When you have brought your face almost to your knees, slightly relax the pressure of the hands upon the towel and force the body back to its former position. While you are doing this you are allowing the neck to win, so to speak, but you must keep up a certain amount of resistance with the towel.

RELAXING YOUR MUSCLES.

If you ever feel absolutely fagged out, or if you have some stiff work before you, and feel that your energy is not capable of tackling it, it is an excellent plan to lie down at full length on a sofa, on your bed, or even on the floor, and deliberately to relax every muscle in your body, and as far as possible to relax your mind at the same time, and try and accomplish that impossible feat of thinking about nothing.

If you do this for ten minutes or so, you will find that when you get up again, your vigour has increased to a remarkable extent, and that you are good for anything.

There is no more delicious feeling in the world than, when you are tired after strenuous exertion, to lie down and absolutely let yourself go—to relax brain and body, and to feel that nothing matters.

If you are in the middle of some especially hard brain work, or are working late at night, and you feel that the desire to sleep is overcoming you, it is far the best plan simply to lean forward on your desk, bury your head in your arms, and resign yourself to sleep for a quarter of an hour or so.

If you have an alarm clock which you can set to that time, and which will arouse you from your slumbers at the end of it, so much the better.

But if you make up your mind before going off to sleep, that you will only allow yourself fifteen minutes, you should have no difficulty in waking up at the end of that time, and there is no doubt that you will feel refreshed and capable of sticking at your work for several hours if need be.

FOR THE ARMS.

Take any flat, heavy object that may [illegible] —a large book is as good as anything— grasp it firmly at each side, holding it your head.

Raise it slowly till you are holding it at arm's length, pause for a moment, and then lower it till it just touches your hair.

Repeat till the arms ache.

In this exercise it is not even necessary to tense the muscles, for the repeated lifting and lowering will tire them without any volition on your part.

The book used need not be enormously heavy; in fact I prefer you secure the results by prolonged repetition of the exercise rather than by doing it a few times with difficulty, for when you are using too heavy a weight you are liable to strain the muscles, and want to avoid that.

STRAIGHTENING THE SPINE.

From time to time I receive [illegible] readers who suffer from slight spinal [illegible] and who desire me to give them [illegible] its cure.

I doubt whether there is any man [illegible] is absolutely symmetrical, for slight spinal curvature of one kind or another is common, but fortunately it is so slight as not apparent.

Where the curvature is obvious, immediate steps should be taken for its cure, and the best is exercise.

Stand easily in front of a mirror, [illegible] which side you incline; then select [illegible] bending exercises, such as the first on [illegible] and go through it in one direction only; [illegible] you lunge to the right or the left depends which way your spine is bent.

Weak Hearts Made Strong.

THE GREAT PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERIMENT of 1908.

In connection with my demonstration made at the [illegible] last year (in which I cured by Weight Lifting three [illegible] dilated heart, heart strain, and heart weakness [illegible] now been written by the selected trio—Messrs. [illegible] and Evans—upon whom the experiment was made.

This work should be in the hands of EVERY [illegible] CULTURIST, and particularly in the hands of [illegible] in weight lifting. A limited edition has been published

6d. PER COPY,

but to introduce the work I have arranged to send out [illegible]

2,000 COPIES GRATIS

to *bona-fide* applicants for the booklet describing the [illegible] under which the trio trained.

If you have had the book referred to—"A QUICK ROUTE TO STRENGTH," then please forward 7d. in stamps, and do not fill in the form below. The free offer, it must be understood, is only for those who have not had my book "A QUICK ROUTE TO STRENGTH."

APPLICATION FORM.

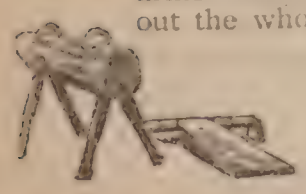
I am a reader of "MODERN MAN" and wish to take advantage of your offer for your new book—"WEAK HEARTS MADE STRONG." Please to forward me this together with "A QUICK ROUTE TO STRENGTH" describing your Advanced Course, with terms.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

T. INCH, Physical Culture Expert (Dept. [illegible])
The Broadway, Fulham, LONDON, S.W.



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Try it One Week—FREE!

Over 100,000 Free Trial Bottles already distributed.

If YOU suffer from any Nerve Complaint, however trivial or severe, we ask you to try **BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS** at our expense.

The demand for BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS is growing by leaps and bounds.

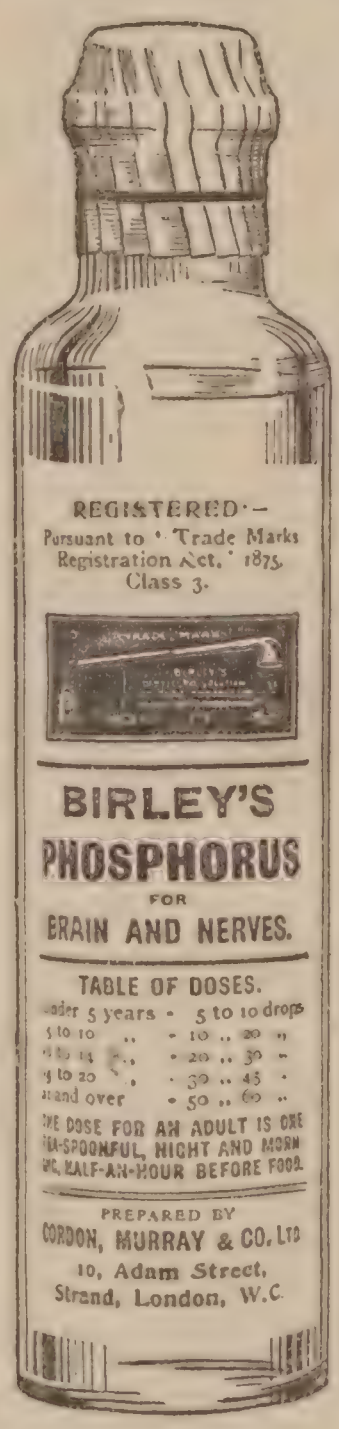
STRONG HEALTHY NERVES

produce perfect activity of every organ of the body. Men and Women with debilitated nerves have every bodily organ in bad working order. This means general ill-health, with turns of wretched and miserable despondency.

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS is the true rational method whereby Strong, Healthy Nerves can be secured. By its incomparable aid you EAT BETTER, SLEEP BETTER, WORK BETTER—EVERYTHING IS BETTER—the Brain, Heart, Liver, Kidneys, Lungs, Digestion, and Bowels, all work to perfection under the guidance and influence of the vigorous restorative current of nerve force produced by BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS.

We cannot offer better PROOF than to give you the opportunity of testing this remedy FREE. Actions speak louder than words, and we rely on the intrinsic MERITS of BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS to make it the WORLD-WIDE REMEDY for ALL NERVOUS TROUBLES.

FACSIMILE OF FREE BOTTLE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BIRLEY'S
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FOR
BRAIN AND NERVES.
TABLE OF DOSES.
Under 5 years - 5 to 10 drops
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10 to 14 " - 20 " 30 "
15 to 20 " - 30 " 45 "
21 and over - 50 " 60 "
THE DOSE FOR AN ADULT IS ONE TEA-SPOONFUL, NIGHT AND MORN ING, HALF-AN-HOUR BEFORE FOOD.
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GORDON, MURRAY & CO. LTD
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The intrinsic merits of BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS are winning for it life-long friends.

SIGNS OF NERVE TROUBLE.

The symptoms of a debilitated nervous system are legion, and under this heading we have a whole host of neurotic complaints:

BRAIN FAG,	NAUSEA,
NEURALGIA,	LOSS OF MEMORY,
HEADACHE,	FAINTNESS,
SLEEPLESSNESS,	ST. VITUS' DANCE,
NERVOUS INDIGESTION,	TREMBLING,
PALPITATION,	VERTIGO or GIDDINESS,
HYSTERIA,	PRESSURE in the HEAD,
NEURITIS,	SINKING SENSATIONS,

and in addition the somewhat **Vague and Undefined Nervous Conditions** (yet real and distressing to the patient) of

NEURASTHENIA, viz.:

OVER-SENSITIVENESS,	IRRITABILITY,
LASSITUDE,	RESTLESSNESS,
ILL-TEMPER,	MELANCHOLIA,
VAGUE FEARS,	MOROSENESS, and
DESPONDENCY or DEPRESSION,	GENERAL NERVOUS DEBILITY and
MORBID FOREBODINGS,	MENTAL EXHAUSTION,

with inability to concentrate the mind. Each and every one of these distressing conditions can, however, be made to yield to and disappear under the direct influence of Birley's Phosphorus.

Cures all Nerve Complaints.

Remember:—Worry, anxiety, overwork, and heavy responsibilities all oppress and debilitate the nervous system and pave the way for all manner of complaints. Birley's Phosphorus should here be allowed to give its incomparable aid. It invigorates, sustains, strengthens, and fortifies the nervous system. As a reviver during stress of extra business and overwork it is invaluable, for it quickens and enriches the brain and nerves that bear the tension. You will be wise to fill in the coupon and secure a FREE Trial Bottle of this magnificent nerve restorative without delay.

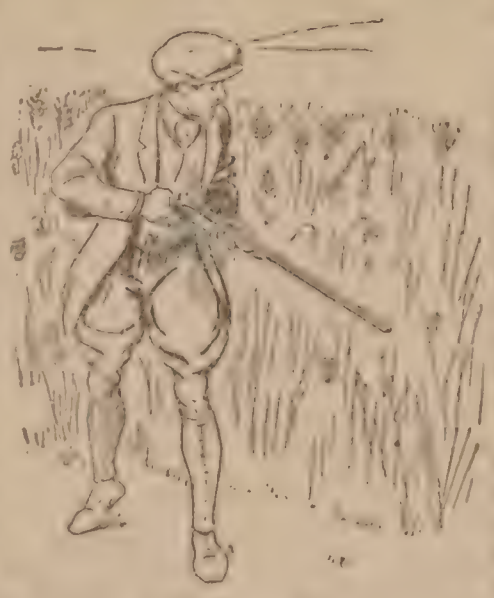
SEND THIS COUPON (D.X. 28) TO-DAY

to Gordon, Murray and Co., Ltd., 10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C., with Four Penny Stamps to cover Parcel Postage, Packing, and Despatching, and the generous-sized Trial Bottle of Birley's Phosphorus, as illustrated above (containing a Week's Supply), will be forwarded by return. Also pamphlet explaining how Phosphorus acts on the system. ONE Trial Bottle *only* to each applicant. Trial Bottles cannot be sent abroad.

Birley's Phosphorus is obtainable of all Chemists, etc., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.

HARVEST FIELD SPORT.

TRY TO ENJOY SOME OF IT DURING YOUR HOLIDAYS.



The harvest of the corn crops culminates on many a farm in a brief but most exciting fusillade from as many of the village guns as care to come along, and for a time the fields resound to rapid firing to which they have been unaccustomed for many months past.

While the fields are still clothed in the golden crops, they afford impenetrable cover to a host of creatures who can defy the keenest sportsman. The nimble rabbits make a summer home amid the towering stalks, leading their young out into the heart of the widest field, where they are quite safe from human interference, and almost so from their natural enemies.

Hares, too, have sought the shelter of the corn, and partridges and pheasants are fond of the same sort of ground.

Here they gather in hundreds, seldom showing themselves on the edge of the forest of corn, and lying very low when any unusual noise startles them in their feeding.

The farmer knows from past experience that beneath the grain, waving so peacefully in a summer breeze, there are innumerable wild creatures taking their share of his goods and returning nothing to him.

EXACTING THE PRICE.

He determines, therefore, that he will make them pay for it, and he looks forward to the hour when they will be scattered to the four quarters of his farm and he will have his brief chance of a few rapid shots and a great deal of excitement.

But first there is work to be done, and for many hours the countryside resounds with the musical metallic ringing rattle of the reaper, making its incessant journeys round the edges of the four-square field.

Up and down the reaper goes, the team straining up the slope with sweating necks, and almost trotting down towards the lower level on the return journey.

But still no sign of life appears within the ever-lessening area of the standing corn. As the sheaves come lopping from the self-binder's mysterious interior, the bronzed and cheery driver gives a glance or two behind him, knowing that the field must teem with living creatures, and anxious to be assured that none are bolting before their time.

THE MEN WITH THE GUNS.

Twenty square yards of corn, or perhaps a little more, remain standing, and still no sign of the varied population within.

A halt is called to the reaping. The farmer, timing the workers well, comes strolling at this moment up the shining stubble that scrapes his boots and leggings with a well-remembered sound recalling many harvests.

With him are a trio of keen village sportsmen, and each is armed according to his means.

The squire's son has stepped along to have a "pot" at the bolting rabbits. He carries his well-built sporting gun with the ease and confidence of a practised shot.

Near him is the parson's son, carrying an ancient pin-fire weapon that has done similar duty for his father and grandfather.

The keeper from the big [illegible] is also here, giving that impression of perfect familiarity and understanding between himself and his gun that only keepers can give.

Without discussing any settled plan, each gun takes up a position at the corner of the still uncut patch. Right away down in the extremities of the field the hedges are lined with other villagers, who know well that however smart the men with the guns may be, there are sure to be many escapes from the corn patch.

And so they gather out of the danger zone, and await with sticks the fleeing rabbits. They, too, mean to have their harvest sport.

The word is given to the reaper to go forward slowly. The machine begins to whirr and rattle round the edges, cutting away the last few yards that still afford a refuge for the rabbits, now huddled into the compass of a few feet.

In the centre of the patch the standing corn begins to sway and tremble. The reaper is encroaching, and not for many seconds can the final rush for safety be delayed.

One more strip is cut away. Another; then another; when—bang! The first bolting rabbit has fallen—"crumpled up" neatly by the keeper.

QUICK TIME.

Now in fast and furious succession rabbits and a smattering of hares came capering from the corn, and the centre of the field is the scene of a fast and furious cannonade.

Quickly as the four men can load and fire they blaze away, as a hundred and more creatures came shooting from the corn.

The reaper stands at his horses' heads looking on at the sport, while he tries to calm his excited horses, to whom such a termination of their labours is disturbing.

In five minutes the shooting ceases. The patch is empty, save for a stray youngster or two that has lost courage at the sound of the firing and is sitting tight.

Meanwhile away down in the extremities of the field the villagers with sticks held aloft, and with wild cries of excitement, are tearing across the stubbles in pursuit of the rabbits that have succeeded in breaking through the guns untouched.

THE VILLAGERS' SPORT.

To and fro they drive the frightened creatures, some of which succeed in making the hedge in safety. Others fall victims to the heavy sticks, one good blow from which will stop the chase as effectively as the best aimed shot.

And when the field is clear again, the bag is gathered up and counted. Here and there among the slain is a pheasant or a partridge, though their time had not arrived, by law.

In the excitement of the harvest sport, however, the law had little power to stay their hands, and all that came from that patch of corn was good enough for the guns.

Within an hour the serious work of harvest is resumed, and sundown finds the field an orderly array of stacks of corn, awaiting the huge creaking wagons that will bear it home to the barns, and temporary stacks, until the thresher comes along.

C. EASTON-GREY.

FLOWER SHOW SWINDLES.

Now that the flower shows are in full swing, there are certain unscrupulous gardeners who give the whole of their attention to deceiving the judges.

The oldest trick of all, perhaps, is the painting of a flower. A petal which is not quite properly marked can be touched up with aniline dye.

The commonest swindle of all in connection with flower shows is the importation of exhibits from other districts.

Time and again it comes to the notice of the judges—after the prizes have been awarded unfortunately, that the exhibits for which they have been given were not grown, as required by the conditions of the show, in the cottager's garden, but were bought by him from some neighbour or even from a florist in London.

MAN.

BY A PRETTY GI[illegible]

What of him?

Ask himself and he will give you to th[illegible] is a hero.

But he isn't.

What a lot I could tell a man about him[illegible] if I dared!

And I promise he wouldn't like it.

I shall bridle my tongue, however, and [illegible] press just a little of what I think about him[illegible] may do him good to see himself from a wom[illegible] standpoint.

A man's conceit! Watch him [illegible] two before keeping an appoint[illegible] girl. He carelessly saunters to the [illegible] window and affects to be concerne[illegible] contents. Really he is examining hi[illegible] whether that beauty curl of his hang[illegible] over his classic brow or whether his [illegible] set with the proper military expres[illegible] he gives sundry glances to the region [illegible] feet lest perchance his trousers should [illegible] ceiling his lovely verdant socks.

When with his girl he will concernedly [illegible] prove her if she should keep him waiting to [illegible] if her back hair is coming down, if [illegible] is shiny, or if there are any tapes visible.

If there is anything upon which a man [illegible] himself it is his powers of conversation. [illegible] thinks he converses with brilliance, [illegible] charm.

How I would love to tell him that he [illegible]

His sole topics are sport and business [illegible] with, perhaps, an occasional murder or an [illegible] case in which he has condescended to take [illegible] interest, and, *of course*, he will tell you of [illegible] wonderful deeds, his hopes and future prospects.

With these he will "entertain" you for [illegible] length of time, and when he has exhausted [illegible] store he will either begin all over again or [illegible] them backwards.

A man's courage! Just listen to a man [illegible] while he tells you with infinite exactitude of [illegible] hair-breadth escapes, his terrible accidents, [illegible] dire and moving sufferings, and you [illegible] assuredly come to the conclusion that cou[illegible] is an essentially masculine virtue, and could [illegible] by any stretch of imagination exist [illegible] sex.

What a fallacy! Is there anyth[illegible] amusing, contemptible, [illegible] man with toothache?

No one in the house dares to do anyth[illegible] attend to him, and he is quite resentful to [illegible] very earth because it has the impudence to con[illegible] tinue its accustomed routine without stoppi[illegible] to sympathise.

To cap it all, he has the coolness to [illegible] a woman who has gone through the most [illegible] ribl[illegible] and poignant physical [illegible] scarcely a murmur that she [illegible] *man!*

And a man says he is not conceite[illegible]

Being a pretty girl, I have naturally [illegible] my efforts to discover the things which [illegible] to a man most, and I have found that, [illegible] from his stomach, one can get on equally well [illegible] by appealing to his *protection*.

There is nothing that more delights him [illegible] the notion that woman is a clinging vine [illegible] the sturdy British oak.

He loves to know that a woman looks to [illegible] for protection, and though naturally I am [illegible] little averse from mice and such like creatures, [illegible] I always exaggerate my fear and beseech him [illegible] oh, he loves it!—never to leave me, should [illegible] of these terrifying animals appear on the scene.

That is a ruse that never fails!

I always take great care to listen with [illegible] ing wonder to all he has to say to me, [illegible] never speak more than is necessary, for, [illegible] course, his idea of a woman's conversation [illegible] that she should be a good listener.

Anyway, it is the simplest thing in the world [illegible] for a pretty girl to twist a man round [illegible] but, of course, *the* point consists in [illegible] think that it is the other way about.

NETTIE B[illegible]

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

GIVING AWAY THINGS.

The principle of giving away things has now become one of the established features of modern business.

Everybody knows that a business man does not give something for nothing, and [illegible] s appear to give away are his method of advertising. [illegible] upon the waters, and in [illegible] return to you—buttered. [illegible] ourse, always provided that you [illegible] discreetly, when the tide and the wind [illegible] ar taste are in the right direction.

[illegible] amongst the most enterprising tradesmen, and several firms are in the habit of issuing each year neat little diaries, [illegible] dges, in morocco cases, with pockets and cards, and with a pencil fitted [illegible] of them.

[illegible] as complete as any for [illegible] rs. or even more. They are [illegible] ly, but a man does not care to [illegible] diary about with him.

[illegible] inning and the end of these little [illegible] are a few pages of advertise- [illegible] the tailor's goods, but not so many [illegible] want to cut them out before putting [illegible] to use. Generally the name and ad- [illegible] of the tailor appear in gilt letters on the [illegible] but it is in the form of a scroll and quite [illegible] ive.

[illegible] discovered from several tradesmen who [illegible] this means of advertising that it is a very [illegible], for a man appreciates a gift [illegible] generally shows it to a friend

[illegible] s the name of the tailor constantly [illegible] s mind, and he is less likely to take his [illegible] elsewhere than he might otherwise be.

[illegible] ther firms at the present time are giving [illegible] ir customers small pocket mirrors. [illegible] supposed that only women would [illegible] things, but the man who works [illegible] which there is no mirror on the [illegible] r keeps a fragment of looking- [illegible] ver in his desk, for one need not [illegible] dered guilty of vanity for wanting to [illegible] occasionally whether one's face is free [illegible] the [illegible] that float about in the atmo- [illegible] bit of mirror answers the purpose, [illegible] with a man gets a neat pocket looking- [illegible] a celluloid frame around it, he [illegible] old mirror in the waste paper basket [illegible] the [illegible] This name of the [illegible] upon the top of the frame, [illegible] the mirror is handled at least once a [illegible] kept under the notice of the

[illegible] dodges of this description, [illegible] essary that the name of the trades- [illegible] not be printed obtrusively upon the [illegible] question.

[illegible] at the thing should look as [illegible] like a gift and not like an ad- [illegible]. At the same time it must not [illegible] at the purpose of the whole ex- [illegible] re is to secure fresh business, and there- [illegible] the name must appear sufficiently boldly [illegible] be obs[illegible] if you are having such things [illegible] strike a happy medium in the size [illegible] amount of the printing which you place [illegible]

[illegible] ited the instance of the advertising gift because it illustrates in a simple form a wide principle in modern business.

Constantly the business man, no matter what his line may be, appears to give things away. He does it to his customers in various forms—calendars, notebooks and discounts—and he also does it to other business men with whom he may desire to have dealings or to maintain his present friendship.

The thing that is most frequently given away by one business man to another is a luncheon.

Of course, if you are intimate with a man you can have him to your house to dinner and so forth, but if you are not very well acquainted with him it is best to stick to luncheon. To ask him to dinner seems to be giving him too much, and he gathers the impression that you are going to feed him and make him half tight for the purpose of getting something out of him.

To drop a casual invitation: "I wish you'd lunch with me some day this week," is quite another matter. Probably you are not in the habit of stopping in town for dinner, but you and he both lunch at some place or another daily. The luncheon, therefore, being part of his daily routine, he does not receive the impression that he is being taken out to it, and a good luncheon is just as effective as a dinner for making a man feel comfortable with himself and with everybody else—and with his host in particular.

I am mentioning this to show the diplomacy necessary for business success.

The man who does not think these things out might very well suppose that a dinner was as effective a business lever as a luncheon, but I have endeavoured to show that it is not.

It is necessary to give things away in business, but let the giving away be done with the utmost tact.

Do not let the recipient think that he is being put under too great an obligation, and do not let him suppose that you are throwing this out as a bait with a view to making use of him.

The matter of business gifts deserves your closest attention, for if it is properly done it will help you greatly.

BLIND ALLEY OCCUPATIONS.

Lord Avebury, at the Mansion House the other day, spoke very strongly in favour of an organised revival of the old system of apprenticeship.

At the present time we are suffering acutely from unemployment, and unquestionably this, though due in some measure to a temporary depression in trade, is largely accounted for by parents allowing their sons to go in for careers which can only be regarded as blind alleys, for they lead to nowhere.

If a boy is apprenticed, he gets very little in the way of weekly wages, for he is being taught a useful trade. On the other hand, if he takes up such work as that of running errands, guarding the goods in a van, or packing up parcels, he can earn immediately on leaving school a weekly sum that is most useful in the household budget.

Unfortunately the majority of working class parents at the present time jump at this temporary advantage without considering the future of the boy concerned.

Thus we find amongst the ranks of the unemployed—for inquiries have been made and statistics taken—that the majority have no knowledge of a skilled trade, and that they have started life on some such occupation as those I have mentioned.

In most cases it has been shown that before they reach the age of twenty they have held, on an average, three different posts, making no progress in any of them, for progress on such lines as these is impossible.

Unemployment is a problem of great magnitude which cannot be cured quickly or by any simple method, and while doing our best to alleviate the present suffering, it is also our duty to encourage apprenticeship and to guard against the swelling of the ranks of the unemployed in the future.

I trust that those parents who may read these lines will meditate upon what I have said. By apprenticing their sons, they are not only safeguarding the future of the boys themselves, but are also doing their duty by the State.

KEEPING RECEIPTS.

To the business man the necessity for keeping all receipts is obvious, but this precaution is not practised by everyone in private life.

You ought to keep receipts of every description, for clothes, boots and everything else.

Tradesmen who are perfectly honest may make a mistake in their ledgers, and may send you in a bill a second time under the impression that the account has not been settled; the one way to convince them is to show them the receipt.

Such an error, of course, should never happen, and would not if the method of checking were perfect, but unfortunately errors will occur even with the best systems.

Apart from this, however, it is profitable to keep receipts, for they show you at a glance the price you have already paid for articles of which you may again be in need. The memory is by no means reliable, and the price of the ordinary commodities which you purchase is not the sort of thing which you put down in your notebook, and even if you did so, you would be liable to forget it.

Your file of receipts is the one and only place to look for information of this kind.

Care should be taken to keep the receipts in some sort of arranged order, either according to date or grouped together under each tradesmen's name. The latter is the better method for most purposes.

DESK FITMENTS.

I have often been astonished when visiting men of business, to discover how ill equipped some of them keep their desks.

Their box of pins for fastening papers together will be half empty, their ink bottles will not contain enough to give them a proper dip, and they do not have a stock of scribbling paper at hand for making rough notes upon.

I do not suppose that the reason for this neglect is parsimony, for a business man does not as a rule try to cut down expenses in such trifles as these. The whole thing is due to negligence.

The man at the desk is too much concerned with more important matters to bother about these trifles, and yet it is such trifles that make the day's work easy or hard.

The cleaning and the tidying of your desk and all its fitments should be the care of the office boy, or someone else who has the time to think of these things. With a properly equipped desk your work will be carried through with much greater comfort.

CLIPS.

Talking of desk fitments, reminds one of the utility of clips.

You can get them of all kinds, from the large steel spring clip, capable of taking a packet of papers of an inch in thickness, down to the small wire clip which slips over two or three letters.

A box of wire clips should be on every desk, and half-a-dozen of the larger clips should be stuck on the edges of the pigeon holes.

The expense is only at the beginning, for these clips can be used again and again, and they have the merit of not defacing in any way the papers to which they are attached. In this, they differ from the old-fashioned paper fastener which went through the sheets.

Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

XXIV. WILFUL FOLLY.

Richard came downstairs to his breakfast at the London hotel and gave the telephone-number of his works to the hall-porter.

At such an hour of the day the line was clear of calls and he was thus able to speak to his office with but little of the delay so much disliked by him in business.

Within a quarter of an hour he was hearing from Graill, his secretary, all that the morning post at the works had brought forth, and giving instructions where needed.

"I'll ring up again about noon," he concluded, "in case anything else turns up. I'm catching the four-forty and shall be there before eight. No need for you to wait unless you feel like it."

"Right! Good-bye," called Graill, and the bell tinkled faintly.

This practice of Richard's of keeping in touch with what was going on while he was away on flying journeys, had its origin in an absolute inability to allow the machinery of his business to run without his controlling hand.

There was in this no implied distrust of the competency of his employees, but his commercial undertaking was so much the tangible expression of himself that every detail connected with it was as inseparably bound up in him as his blood in his body.

In this conservatism there is always danger, inasmuch as an accident to the controller means the dislocation of the whole machine.

Unlike the stage, life's leading men have no understudies; without them the play is at a standstill.

As a set-off to this danger, however, it should be realised that the man of character has higher resisting power to the assaults of adversity whenever they come—as come they must—than the man whose nature is malleable.

The force which had projected Richard Selby so far towards the target of success was just this personality, a personality which cuts through opposition instead of attempting to circumvent.

He was direct and swift, and, as those have seen who have followed his fortunes, at times ruthless.

Many people affirm that the man who succeeds perforce does so to the detriment of his fellows. Like all generalisations this is only true in part. He who determines to "get there" inevitably leaves others behind him on the road, and the haste of his energy forbids him to stay and help them.

But also the very speed of his progress draws probably an equal number after him. It is the suction of air that follows an express train.

The strong man is ruthless in his effect upon the weak, but he is at once a stimulant and an example to such as have ambitions akin to his own, and Richard Selby was both to the men who came in contact with him.

With women it was different. He who influences men is often the most susceptible to feminine influence — but, it is to be observed, only to the feminine influence of one woman.

Richard had been influenced thus from the beginning, at first with little realisation of it, but later, when he understood, it had merely rounded off his life, giving it solidity, strength and purpose.

But even now it was only the desire of possession that dominated him. This existed. Love has no existence without desire. Yet associated with it was something as deep in feeling and perhaps more powerful in influence.

What he had in mind as a fixed principle—it had indeed become almost a religion—was that, to win his right to possess, his life and character must prove themselves equal to what he believed to be her standard of manhood.

In other words, his all-pervading idea was that in honouring himself he was in the best sense honouring her.

All that he had accomplished so far was only a tribute to her, but stirring within him now was a great and growing impulse to claim some reward.

He had no fear of the obstacles which in the eyes of others might be deemed insuperable, but more than once he realised with a shock of bewilderment that he was intensely in fear of her.

And because fear was too uncomfortable a sensation to suffer for long, he began to think of a way of getting rid of it.

II.

At noon, as promised, Richard got through to Graill again.

"Hullo there!" he heard. "I say, there's a lady been ringing you up."

"Who was it?" asked Richard with a sudden inward thump.

"Guess!"

"I've got no time to be funny," replied Richard with unwonted acerbity. "Who was it?"

"Miss Lyons of Bagley Court."

"Gad!" said Richard under his breath. Then aloud: "What did she say?"

"Nothing."

"Don't be an ass!" shouted Richard, feeling an overwhelming desire to be within kicking distance of this exasperating friend of his.

"She didn't. She merely asked for you, and when I told her you were away she said it didn't matter."

A pause.

Richard indulged in a silent malediction on his misfortune. It had been weeks since he had set eyes on her, much less heard her voice.

"Ought I to have asked for a message?" added Graill, and Richard in imagination saw his tantalising grin.

"No; all right," he said. "Just take down these orders and get the machines started on them."

When the call was finished Richard stood in deep thought, conscious of strange sensations within him. It suddenly occurred to him that if he did not see Violet Lyons that day he would do something idiotic.

He took the conviction seriously. He had been a practical man too long. Let business, sense, reason, go hang! What did they matter if one went hungry, infernally, unbearably hungry? He only wanted to look at her, he told himself, to see her face and the glinting brown hair, the laughter in the fearless eyes, and the brave tilt of her head.

"Oh, Lord!" said Richard, surrendering to his desire all at once.

And hurriedly he searched the telephone book and gave another number. Then, while the connection was being made—it was a trunk call again—he found a time-table, looked for what he wanted, hurriedly consulted his watch, paced up and down the hall of the hotel in manifest impatience, and then rang up the girl at the telephone exchange and implored her to make haste.

"Two calls before you," she retorted after a moment.

"Here, look here," called Richard. "It's a matter of terrific—oh, confound it! gone.

At last! He was on to Bagley Court and ing for Miss Lyons. Another fuming while it seemed as though the few precio minutes fled by on wings of derision, the click—and she came.

Richard took a harder grip of the receiv and settled himself for a long conversation. "I known, nothing in the world——"

"Who are you?" came a voice.

Richard told her, not once, but over and ov again, for she seemed singularly unable t detect what he said.

"Oh, damn!" he said at last, in d

"Are you swearing?" said the voice s

"Me? Of course not," replied Richard. "I it is a—he swallowed another word here— *confounded* nuisance! I say, how are you?"

"I'm very well, thank you."

"That is you, Miss Lyons, isn't it?"

"What name?" she asked.

"Miss Lyons," repeated Richard. Violet Lyons."

"What Christian name did you say?" he asked again.

"Violet!"

"Yes," she replied, and there was a delici amusement in the tone in which she said "I'm here. Who is that speaking?"

"Oh, you are too bad!" groaned Richard. "We shall be cut off in a minute. What did ring me up for?"

"Well, you asked us some time ago if would like to look over your works, and mentioned it to-day, so I thought——"

"Gad!" exclaimed Richard. "Of That's splendid! What time can you

"But you're in London," she laughed.

"Never mind that. I was just coming now on the one-five. Shall be at the office by four. Can you come then?"

"Your father as well," he added as an afterthought. Whereat she laughed again, but time silently.

"I'm afraid it's too late," she said doubtfully.

"Oh, it isn't," he assured her.

The telephone girl broke in and said "Time up."

"I say, Miss Lyons—Violet," he cried desperately. "I shall be there. Come if you can! Will you?"

"But another day will do just as well," heard her call.

"It won't," he replied, amid a violent buzzing noise. "I can't wait. I want more than anything——"

The buzzing stopped abruptly.

Richard took a deep breath.

"I wonder if she heard that last bit," he thought. "I wonder if she will call me Violet."

By now he was dashing upstairs for not trusting a porter to fetch it; there was something like ten to one against catching the train as it was.

"I wonder," thought Richard, whose brain indeed was teeming with all sorts of wonderful schemes for putting things right with the customers he ought to see that afternoon, if he wouldn't—an inextricable jumble of business reasoning about business and misty speculation as to whether he would catch his train and what she thought of him.

"I wonder," he thought again, "if she will let me call her Violet—by accident." But this was an idea he dismissed instantly from him as ridiculous.

III.

"A sovereign if you get me to the station in time," snapped Richard to the cabman. "Only the exact legal fare if you don't!"

He missed it by two minutes.

It was what he had expected, but he was calm now. His plan was already formed. It was only the demon uncertainty that made him enraged, and him he had metaphorically kicked

...le made his way instantly to the station-...ster's office.

"I want a special, he said curtly, "a special ...catch up the one-five, or if not to take me ...ht through to Moulden. It's essential that I ... there by a quarter to four."

"It will ...st you fifty pounds," he was told.

...hard nodded, brought out his pocket-book, showed the credentials from his bank that always carried. The photograph of himself his all-England season-ticket proved his ...thenticity.

"You will take a cheque?" he asked.

"Certainly!"

At five minutes to four he was facing Graill's ...k of blank amazement in his office.

"I thought you said eight o'clock," said ...Graill.

"Whatever's brought you here by ...?"

Richard handed him a slip of paper.

"'Phone those people," he ordered, "and tell ...m I shall call to-morrow afternoon at the ...es arranged for to-day. Say a matter of ...ssing urgency has called me away."

...th that he passed through to his inner ... to remove the stains of travel.

... afterwards he had greeted with ... self-possession his visitors, Vincent ...quire, and his daughter, and was ... over his works.

... he was explaining things he was ...llow he could get a word alone with ...n, without any apparent effort, held ...d every fibre of his nature to her own ... personality.

And all the while, demure as she looked and ...elligent as were her questions about this and ..., he felt that secretly she was aware of his ...idden turmoil. But what she thought of him ...dared ma...

"Well, Mr. Selby," Lyons was saying, "I find ... my admiration of your enter-...ully up-to-date methods. We ... doing bigger things yet," he ...ith a smile; "of that I am assured."

"It's kind of you to say so," said Richard ...firmly, keeping his eyes from the girl with an ...ort, "very kind!"

"When are you calling in to see us?" put in ...Violet, examining the buttons on one of her ...eyes.

"Oh—I don't know," said Richard vaguely. "...would be very glad—any time."

"Well, any time is just our time," said Lyons ...cordially. "You need wait for no formal in-...vation. We're believers in the fireside, you ...know, and do little in the way of social labour." Richard knew this to be a tactful disposal of ...the necessity for counter-invitations.

"I shall be very happy," he said, this time ...with a direct glance towards the creator of his ...happiness.

"Towards night we shall be at home, father, ...aren't we?" said Violet casually. "Yes, Mr. ...Selby, if that would also suit you——"

... a man handling a ponderous ...which beat out and moulded links of ...chain with incredible celerity.

"I'm sorry," said Richard in an undertone, ...but—quite the clatter of machinery, she ...answered sweetly. "I must be in London again ...to-morrow."

"Again! But had you not finished your busi-...ness there——"

"I know you were there for busi-...ness, but your secretary mentioned it when ...I saw him this morning."

Richard hesitated. Then the old dar-...ing smile which this girl always brought forth ...had appeared, and with it his candour—...which I ...seem to have lack."

"...'re returning on the one-five ...won't return on it as it was," replied ...Graill with a short laugh. "I was chasing ...a couple of miles behind all the way. I ...passed it by two minutes."

"But you surely don't mean——" and sud-...denly she became angered. "You didn't take a special?"

"I had to, to get here," said Richard, meeting her eyes stoutly.

There was a perceptible pause. Then she glanced towards her father.

"Your business must have been very imperative," she observed.

"You were coming," said Richard simply; then added in haste, "and of course I could not be late."

"It would not have mattered if you had been," she observed coldly.

"It would—to me," said Richard quietly. "I've been wanting to see you for a long time now with all——"

"Here's dad," she interrupted, and Richard checked himself, conscious that she was alarmed. Had he seen the expression on his own face he would have known why.

"Mr. Selby will call in the day after to-morrow," she told her father, and the conversation was again trivial as he accompanied them to their carriage.

Then Violet found that she had left her parasol in Richard's office and he hurried off to get it. She came a few steps to meet him on his return and smiled her thanks.

"By the way," she said, "I think for you to do what you've done to-day is——"

She watched him for a minute second. His dark face was almost stern in its control, but the way his eyes looked at her was the right thing.

"—— stupid," she concluded.

Richard never remembered what reply he made to this censure, and whatever it was she could not have heard it, so quickly did she enter the carriage.

All he knew was that he had not an atom of remorse for his folly.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—ED.]

THE ANCIENT MODERN MAN

AND HIS PARTICULAR PLEASURES.

I know a man—indeed I hope I may number him among my friends—with whom I can discuss a great variety of subjects and feel about them all that he and I are at one on the broad bases of things, though fortunately we differ on many and many a detail.

Our friendship would be rather watery were this not so. But there is one subject on which we are widely divided.

The subject of our disagreement is—the village church, the cathedral, the ancient building. He declares there is nothing in them to detain the modern man or stir his blood.

I maintain the contrary, and feel convinced that his condemnation of the "bad habit" of lingering in churches is entirely wrong.

There is scarcely a village church in England of any age that is not crowded with the annals of bygone ages—annals very largely of a military character, and annals that should be, and I know in hundreds of cases are, a source of inspiration to present day young men.

These annals for the most part are written upon the quaint and picturesque stone slabs let into walks and floors of nave and aisle and chancel.

Here may be seen in dignified and often stately sincerity, records of the heroic deeds of countless men of manly virtues and of great daring, who have fallen in every part of the world while engaged in bygone ages in building up the Empire.

In these unheeded records of men whose names were never heard outside their native villages we can feel again their burning desire for adventure, a lust for hot fighting, a wholesome contempt for danger, a readiness to die at duty's call; ambitions that still inspire the modern Briton worthy of the name.

To read how so-and-so "of this parish" left home and love and lands, to fall fighting in the plains of India for his country's sake; or how another sold his life dearly to an enemy of England on the high seas; to read of men in the full tide of youth and in manhood's prime giving their lives quietly, heroically, yet usefully in siege or wreck or storm, or exploration, is surely to be moved to a keener sense of the lifeblood capital invested in the British Empire!

And nowhere can these short and simple annals be so often found, and so appropriately studied, as in the peaceful precincts of any English village church.

Now and then, it is true, one comes across the grandiose memorial of some local magnate, written in words that suggest the couplet:

"God bless the squire and his relations
And keep us all in our proper stations."

But the majority of these records are manly and modest, as becomes all Englishmen. Sometimes the mixture of the material and the spiritual is very quaint, as when "Captain —— after a fierce fight gave his body to the enemy and his soul to his Maker."

Yet other memorials record the last utterances of men who gloried in the fact that they were permitted to die in action.

The fashion of recording in this way the deeds of men from the remotest corners of the land should never be allowed to fade.

No finer spur to village youths can be imagined than the perusal, as they sit chafing under the parson's endless discourses, of these records of great deeds and noble sacrifices.

Many a lad has been driven to enlist solely through the brief relation of some ancient warrior's death, told in quaint words upon the stone in the church wall.

Here is actual evidence of what men have done, and of what they are capable of doing again for the dear old country.

Of late our churches have seen others added. Memorials in brass, these have mostly been, telling of deaths and deathless deeds on kopje and veldt. Names such as Colenso, Spion Kop, Ladysmith, and Elandslaagte will rouse the military ardour of succeeding generations of young men just as the stories of bravery at Lucknow, Trafalgar, and Sebastopol have stirred generations passing away.

And all these things are found within our English churches, the shrines wherein are kept in endless freshness the sentiments and qualities that have done much to make England to-day worthy of even greater sacrifices.

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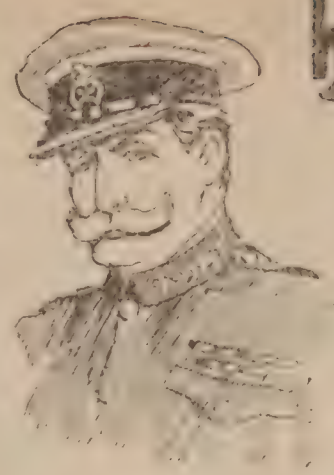
Colonels I have Known



A FEW SERVICE ANECDOTES.

It is curious (or, perhaps, it is not so very curious after all) how a man's nature changes when, from being a subordinate, he becomes dressed in a little brief authority.

As a mere major, my first C.O. had been the apotheosis of slackness. His gospel was, "It is better to incur a slight reprimand than to perform a disagreeable duty," and he preached it freely. Also he practised what he preached. But when he was given command of the battalion "Oh, what a difference in the morning!" as the song used to go.

If he had been slack before, he was now ultra-regimental.

And the worst of it was that the beggar was up to all our little games. Do you know why Tommy never really likes the ex-gentleman ranker, however good a chap and officer he may be? Simply because the ex-ranker knows too much; he has been behind the scenes in a way that the ordinary Sandhurst or Woolwich-trained officer never can be, and Tommy feels that it isn't quite the game.

KNOWING TOO MUCH.

And so with Colonel X. He knew too much of the wiles and dodges of the British subaltern. Had he been a gentleman he would have forgotten what he knew, or at least refrained from using his knowledge, but then X. was not a gentleman. As one of the commissioned rank and file he had passed muster, having a certain coarse geniality when he chose to exercise it, but command exposed him in his true colours as a rather despicable sort of cad, an unpleasant mixture of bully and toady—bully to his officers and men, toady to the "brass hats," as generals and other staff officers used to be called in those days.

My next C.O. was a woman. Colonel Dasher (never was a man more inappropriately named) was a mild, inoffensive gentleman, who collected "bugs." Mrs. Colonel Dasher was the very devil in petticoats. I daresay she had once been handsome in a bold, bouncing saloon-barmaid kind of way, but when she became Mrs. C.O. she was a trifle over-blown and blowzy. Nevertheless, we had to worship at her patchouli-scented shrine, or know the reason why in the shape of unpleasant duties, privileges curtailed, and so on.

She played the very deuce with the regiment, setting all ranks by the ears, and driving many a good man to drink by the acts of rank injustice which she forced the unhappy Dasher to perpetrate.

SOMETHING IN TOW.

I saw her a few years ago; she was dining with a "crammer's pup" at a fashionable restaurant, and they had a magnum between them.

Y. was a curiosity among C.O.'s—among British officers for that matter. The Army officer prides himself above all things upon being well-groomed. His clothes may often be far removed from their first youth, but as a rule they are well-cut, neat, and well-brushed, while his accessories in the way of linen, hats, ties, gloves, boots and so on are unimpeachable. Y. was a sloven. His suits looked as if they came from a Houndsditch slop-shop, his linen was frayed and often painfully dirty, a rag-picker would have cast his boots, while no self-respecting scarecrow would have been seen in one of his hats.

I rather think, however, that I have told you about him in another article, and of how we anonymously sent him a new straw-hat, which he promptly sold to an old clo' dealer, retaining the incredible monstrosity which we had fondly hoped to induce him to discard at our expense.

One of the best C.O.'s I ever met was, in direct contrast with Y., a dandy of dandies.

Oh, his coats and his trousers were the envy and delight of us youngsters; his ties, and more particularly his method of tying them, were matters for reverence; his hats were what I believe the ladies call "dreams," while we spent many weary, and, alas! unprofitable hours trying to wear an eyeglass as he alone could wear it.

And he was the pink of politeness. Some C.O.'s, especially those of a fast disappearing type, seem unable to utter a command without backing it with an oath. He issued his orders with an almost exaggerated courtesy of request.

THE DANDY C.O.

But he was a soldier, every inch of him. This fact was the more borne in upon us when he was appointed to organise and command a corps of irregulars. My corporal! but they were irregulars; the sweepings of South Africa, and just about the biggest collection of toughs you ever saw.

They smiled to themselves when they saw their commander and his eyeglass, and heard his drawling tones. They thought that they had got hold of a tailor's mannikin, but they soon discovered their mistake, and that that perfectly gloved hand could smite like steel when occasion demanded. They found that the monocled dandy could give them points in endurance, that he never asked them to do anything or go anywhere that he wasn't ready to do or go himself, that he realised that the first essential to a fighting man is food.

Throughout all the chances and changes of the campaign he always looked as if he had just come out of a bandbox. None ever saw him unshaved, and almost into the heart of South Africa he carried spotless collars, well-polished boots, and speckless uniform.

WHO HE WAS.

Nor did his habits of politeness desert him even in the hottest of actions. It was: "Mr. Blank, would you oblige with a little more pom-pom on the right, please," or "Captain Dash, would you be so kind as to take your company and charge that kopje?"

He won the hearts of his men because, although he was a dandy, wore an eyeglass, and had a, to them, unreasoning passion for soap and water, he was a "white man" all through.

He was known then as Colonel Plumer. Any old boys of the Matabeleland Relief Force remember?

"CHINSTRAP."

ACCEPTING YOUR LIMITATIONS.

Frequently one comes across a man who labours under some slight physical drawback.

He is not deformed exactly, but his head is perhaps a bit larger than usual, or his nose is not quite of the approved shape, or he has a squint, or—the most common trouble of all—he is either shorter or taller than the average.

If any of these descriptions meets your case, you should frankly accept your limitations and not be shy about them.

Most men who have some such slight defect are extremely sensitive about it, and for this reason avoid the company of their fellows.

By so doing, they are denying themselves not only a legitimate pleasure, but a means of education.

To suppose that education ends with the time when one leaves school is an obvious fallacy. A man is always learning something new, and it is from other men chiefly that he learns it. If he avoids their company, for any reason whatsoever, he is stunting his intellectual growth.

It is said that Henry the Eighth suffered very badly from corns, and consequently had shoes designed with extremely wide and puffy toes; such shoes promptly became the fashion.

It is easy for a King to set a fashion in some way, but the ordinary man can also do it to some extent amongst his friends, provided his personality is a strong one, and even the ward evidence of a physical drawback made "the correct thing."

A man who is extremely tall generally himself in a stooping position, for he knows if he kept himself erect he would inch, or a couple of inches, taller when he stoops; but, as a matter of fact bent figure simply draws attention to his If, on the other hand, he carries military erectness, he ceases to be comes at once a striking figure, and, pitying him, other men envy his bearing.

Whatever your limitations may be, them frankly and make the most of them.

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Please Write Plainly.

BRIEF REPLIES.

his column the Editor, his staff and contributors, endeavour wer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is ed. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed pe should be enclosed.]

J. C. (Bleasby).—Many thanks for your pic- postcards. You don't give the address of camp; send it, or your home address, and Editor will write to you.

D. (Belfast).—To increase your weight, take y of exercise of a slow and heavy rather of a quick type; wrestling will suit you r than sprinting. Also get as much fresh s you can, for this will give you the appe- you need.

W. H. (Newcastle).—(1) The period of rning is continually shortening, and three x months is now considered sufficiently long a son to wear mourning for a father. A band round the arm of a dark grey suit ough. (2) In ascending the stair of a 'bus, ady goes first.

SPECS." (Morley).—Most Territorial units admit to their ranks men who wear spec- provided that they can pass the doctor's ests without these aids.

F. BLYTH (Tottenham).—We have already with corns. Rub them morning and night lemon juice and wear easy boots.

F. B. (Dalry).—You can't make a leaky cape waterproof; at least, it would never atisfactory. Throw it away and pay a bet- price next time.

O. (Glasgow).—If your hair keeps falling try a few drops of common paraffin on it re brushing. The best way to use this is to a small quantity in a scent bottle fitted with zzle, so that you can squirt into your hair a little at a time. If you put on a lot, the will be objectionable.

D. (St. Albans).—Try the horse with a plain Ne. You can often conquer a puller with a bit after you have failed to do so with a .

C. (Darlington).—The jacket you want is a of semi-Norfolk, fitted with a band at the only. Such a jacket meets most of the tsman's requirements and looks very well riding breeches. Have plenty of big h pockets in it.

S. (Maidenhead).—The cost of golf depends ow you take it, but your estimate of £1 a will more than cover all expenses, travel- caddies, clothes, refreshment and all the of it.

W. (Nottingham).—From what you tell us should say you are certainly not a coward. re are few men who do not experience a lar fear when faced with danger; but the e man forces himself to overcome that fear, ou did.

S. T. (Bristol).—For particulars as to how are patented, write to H.M. Patent Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, don, and ask for the official pamphlet. It is If you are to employ an agent, be sure get one who is well recommended to you.

F. (Newton Abbot).—The cost of riding ons varies; but about 4s. 6d. each lesson for ozen, is a fair average. You can generally nge for half-a-dozen instead of a full course. you really want the twelve if you are going eel at your ease in the saddle.

S. C. (Reading).—If you are thoroughly of your job, leave it; but before you give ce see that you have actually got another to go to and not merely the half-promise of

T. (Leith).—The insurance field is not what nce was, and the qualifications needed for ess as a agent are of a very high order and equently rare. Unless you have endless pluck and energy, you will be wasting time his work.

L. (Dorchester).—Thanks for your sugges- for a new competition, but we've had quite ugh of them. Once bit—you know the rest.

M.P. (Manchester).—Be most careful in the ter of employment agencies; many are good, there are others.

THEIR GOOD POINTS AND THEIR BAD.

Every year they camp in a field beside my house, and it is a pleasure to go amongst them. You have to be very careful not to patronise them or to offer them what appears to be charity, for they do not need it. The people of the fair make much money, and they are wealthy for their needs and their station. But you may safely offer the men cigars, and a weed of good quality has a wonderful effect in loosening their tongues.

To hear these people as you pass along the road beside their encampment you would imagine that they all suffered from terrific colds, for their voices are hoarse to the point of being almost inarticulate. Also they appear to be continually scolding one another, but that is only the tone in which they speak. If you listen to the words you will find that they are always civil and often kind. Necessarily so, for the people of the fair are hot-tempered, and an insult would immediately spell a fight.

The moral status of the people of the fair is a strange mixture of good and evil. In the matter of marriage and so forth they are most strictly moral, but in their business of extracting pence from the public they have no conscience.

Take, for example, the two young men who attend to the roundabout. The fattest and oldest woman amongst them, the wife of the proprietor of the roundabout, sits at the window of a caravan, counts the number of people on the horses at each turn, and collects from her two assistants the money which is due.

It is therefore impossible for the brawny young ruffians who gather the pence, to cheat their employer; but they are wonderfully successful in cheating their patrons.

Their commonest trick is a very simple one. They wait till some rider on the roundabout pays them with a florin or half-a-crown. They profess not to have any change and inform him that they will have to get it from the caravan, but they do not return with it.

Instead they change positions on the roundabout. The patron is still on his horse, even if it had been his intention to get off, and is waiting for his change, but the man who collects from his half of the circle this time is not the man who took his half-crown, for the latter has taken up his position on the other side.

The unhappy victim has to turn out a further penny, for the new collector professes to know nothing about the previous payment.

This trick is generally worked where the owner of the half-crown is accompanied by a lady friend, for the penny-grabbers know very well that he is not likely to make a fuss about his change while in her company.

This and similar tricks the people of the fair consider to be fair game. Cheats they are, but in spite of it they are orderly and well-behaved, and they never pilfer from the gardens beside their encampment.

H. C. BROOKES.

FAMOUS TERRITORIAL CORPS.

XII. "THE KING'S OWN."

It is by this title that the King's Own Royal Regiment Norfolk Yeomanry is generally known, and comparing it with other famous Territorial corps, nothing can put the matter more plainly than the words of one of its sergeant-majors, who, it is recorded, said: "The King's Own—you can't go much higher than that, can you?"

The regiment prides itself on the fact that it is not only the King's Own by name, but also by actual fact, for His Majesty the King is the regiment's Colonel-in-Chief.

King Haakon of Norway also holds a Colonelcy in the King's Own, and His Highness Prince Frederick Victor Duleep Singh, M.V.O., until lately Captain, has just been granted the honorary rank of Major.

Colonel H. A. Barclay, C.V.O., A.D.C., of Hanworth Hall, Norfolk, is in command, and other members of his family hold commissions in the regiment.

There are four squadrons: "A" Squadron, with its headquarters at Norwich, the county town of Norfolk; "B," North Walsham; "C," Fakenham; and "D," King's Lynn.

The King's Own, like other Territorial regiments, has been somewhat adversely affected by the new regulations, and only "B" Squadron is over strength of the four.

The Regimental Orders referring to this matter state: "The regiment is still 80 men below its strength, and His Majesty the King has expressed his hope it will be brought up to strength before September."

His Majesty, ever since the regiment's establishment, has taken a personal interest in the affairs of the King's Own, and it is known that he has done much for it. His royal monogram, reproduced on this page, forms the regimental crest.

When the men of the King's Own assemble for the annual training, it is always the practice of the commanding officer to notify the King as Colonel-in-Chief. To the message sent last camp the following was the reply from Buckingham Palace to Colonel Barclay:

"The King thanks you, the Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers, and Troopers of his Regiment for their kind greeting. His Majesty trusts you will have fine weather in camp."

The King's Own have upon several occasions been honoured with royal commands, and have supplied full escort to three European Monarchs at Sandringham—King Alfonso of Spain, Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, and King Haakon of Norway.

The regiment takes full precedence over all other Territorial regiments in Norfolk at public functions, such as Church Parades. When there is a general Territorial "turn out" in any of the Norfolk towns, the King's Own men are, as they put it, "always first."

The uniform is blue, with yellow collar, cuffs, and overall stripes. The regimental crest and the letters K.O.R.R. are attached to the shoulder chains. The dress helmet is yellow-plumed.

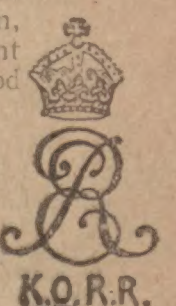
The regimental colours, as worn privately on ties, etc., are purple, blue, and gold, the purple being taken from His Majesty's racing colours.

The men, generally, are very keen, mostly excellent horsemen, and at the last annual training General Sir Arthur Paget, commanding the Eastern Territorial Command, expressed himself, both unofficially and officially, as highly satisfied with their efficiency.

To readers of THE MODERN MAN the regiment is of special interest, as from it, and particularly from "B" Squadron, Mr. Garratt has drawn the characters and setting for his "Kernahan" stories.

In its ranks the original of Trooper Kernahan lives and breathes, and Troopers Stephen, Carteret, and Sergeant Hall, under different names, but still very much the same good fellows, are material persons.

[*This is the last article of this series.*—ED.]



THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

BUTTONHOLE LOOPS.

Those readers who are fond of wearing a flower in their buttonholes—and I must confess that it is a little fancy which appeals particularly to myself—have no doubt found a difficulty at times in fixing the flower securely in place.

If you push the stalk of a flower through the buttonhole of your lapel, it is apt to work its way upwards so that the head of the flower, instead of lying snugly against your coat, sticks out or even hangs down.

The usual plan is to lay the stalk of the flower along the lapel, put a pin through from underneath, over the stalk, and back again; but this takes some little time, and a pin is not always available. Therefore I commend the attention of the lover of flowers to a tricky idea which I came across the other day.

It is simply a bit of tape, an inch long, the same colour as the suit, and sewed to the under side of the lapel about an inch and a-half below the buttonhole. If you stick the stalk of your flower through the buttonhole and then through this loop, it will keep in place quite securely without the aid of a pin.

BROKEN COLLARS.

If a proof were needed that the double collar has come to stay for ever, we have it in the fact that a man will stick to this shape in spite of its being expensive to wear.

With single collars, the laundress is more or less harmless, but with double collars she seems to take a fiendish delight in cracking the corners just where they meet at the top of the opening. I suppose she does that in bending them over, but anyhow she does it.

To wear a collar where the corners are cracked gives one a feeling of shabbiness, and consequently one must go to the expense of constant renewal.

I think there would be a fortune awaiting any enterprising tradesman who would start a laundry charging the usual price and guaranteeing that double collars would not be cracked at the corners.

TIE PINS.

A tie pin gives a very pleasing finishing touch to a man's neckwear, and if your best girl specially wants to make you a present and asks you what you would like, you could do very much worse than suggest a tie pin—give her a halfpenny for it, of course, if she is superstitious, so that it will not cut friendship.

It is pleasing to have a large variety of tie pins, but they are not the sort of thing that a man buys in quantity, for if they are good they are necessarily expensive; they are of the things that one acquires during one's lifetime.

One of the neatest possible tie pins, and quite an inexpensive one, is a plain gold horseshoe. Some jewellers are now making them hollow, so that there is not much gold in them; one of this variety can be had for as little as five shillings, and all solid gold, what there is of it.

For the sportsman who fancies something a little more elaborate and reminiscent of his favourite pastime, tie pins are made in the form of boxing gloves, golf clubs, whips and so forth, and the ardent Territorial might even go to the expense of having one made in the form of a miniature reproduction of the crest of his regiment.

It sometimes happens that a man's mother has collected a number of oddments in the jewellery line, such as broken earrings and so forth. Amongst such a miscellaneous collection some very pretty stone can occasionally be unearthed, and to have a pin fixed to it will not cost more than 2s. 6d. or so. The tip is a good one, but you must get on the right side of the old lady first.

BELTLESS BAGS.

The suspension of those unlovely garments which we call trousers has exercised the ingenuity of many inventors. Various kinds of braces have been introduced, but there has been none to beat the old simple style. The belt is another means of suspension, and, though various wheezes have been tried in the matter of belts, though we have some of webbing and some platted for the sake of ventilation, yet the favourite this summer has unquestionably been the simple and cheap belt of leather, with a covered buckle of course.

The latest idea in trouser suspension is embodied in the trousers themselves. They are fitted at either side with a short band of cloth and a buckle, coming directly over the waistline, so that they can be tightened sufficiently to prevent them from falling over the hips.

Those who fancy this sort of thing may care to adopt the wheeze, but for my own part I think that, when it is necessary to take your jacket and vest off—as, for example, when you are indulging in sport—a pair of trousers without a belt at the top of them have an incomplete and unfinished sort of appearance; but that, of course, may only be my personal fancy.

VARIETIES OF RUBBER HEELS.

The comfort and utility of the rubber heel is now so generally admitted that it is scarcely necessary for me to emphasise either. So far as comfort goes, rubber heels let you walk about twenty-five per cent. farther than you otherwise could do; as for utility, they wear considerably better than a leather heel, and, by relieving the general shock when you put your foot down, they make the boots last longer.

Rubber heels are not popular all round, although most people have tried them at one time or another, and the reason for their having failed to catch on in certain quarters is, I am convinced, that they have not been given a proper test.

The circular rubber heel does not fit properly on to every boot, and you will sometimes discover that one which reaches to the back of the heel is so wide that it projects a little at each side. With the majority of boots, the back of the heel is circular, and you can readily get a circular rubber pad to fit it exactly without any of this overlapping, but some bootmakers turn out their footgear with heels of such a shape that it is absolutely impossible to fit them neatly with a circular pad.

If your boots are of this kind, you should have fitted to them a pair of fixed heels. They do not revolve, and, theoretically, they ought to wear out at the back sooner than they do on other parts, but, as a matter of fact, they wear very evenly all over. Besides fitting the heel exactly, they have the advantage that you are not worried with screws getting slack and dirt working in underneath them.

HEEL TIPS.

Some men prefer to have only a small segment of rubber fitted flush with the leather at the back of the heel. This can scarcely be observed at all, and there are some who consider it neater than rubber heels of any other description.

These tips are wonderfully effective, for, though they cover only a small part of the heel, they are placed just at the spot where the impact with the pavement comes.

Like all rubber heels they save the boots, and there will be no need to have a pair of these tips renewed till you have your boots soled.

IRON HEEL-PIECES.

While on the subject of heels, I may mention that I have a strong belief in iron heel-pieces for boots intended for very rough wear. The Territorial, and the man who is going to tramp over the moors, will find that a pair of iron heel-pieces, fixed properly on to his boots, will make them smart as nothing else will do.

So far as jarring goes, the iron heel-piece is the direct opposite of the rubber heel, for, instead of being softer than leather, it is infinitely harder, and the shock when you put your foot down is therefore greater; but boots to which iron heel-pieces are fitted are generally intended not for stone pavements, but for country walks and soft roads, so that this objection can scarcely hold.

The heel-pieces take a very long time to wear thin, and by thus keeping the heel at its proper height they maintain the appearance of the boots. I do not, of course, recommend them for any except rough wear, but for that I consider them capital.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF WHITE BOOTS.

I have already said that white boots are necessary with white flannel trousers, but there are lots of men who like them, and there is no small reason why one should not give rein to one's fancy in this respect, for the cost is small. For half-a-guinea you *can* get a pair of buckskin boots, and you can get a pair of white canvas—almost indistinguishable from buckskin except on close examination—for considerably less; but I should recommend you to pay rather more than half-a-guinea for white boots.

It has come to my knowledge that the majority of cheap buckskin boots and shoes are made from old riding breeches which are bought up by dealers and eventually find their way to the manufacturers.

They have been washed and pipeclayed till the leather is almost rotten, and if you wear a pair of boots of this description before long you will find little punctures where the corners of the creases come.

For the man who is very exact in these matters the question naturally arises as to what boots ought to be soled with, leather or rubber.

It depends upon what the boots are intended for. If you simply want them to go with a suit of white flannel trousers for free and easy strolls, I should strongly recommend you to soak them with ordinary leather soles and heels; but if they are intended for tennis or for the river you will find a rubber sole by far the more serviceable.

RESTING YOUR CLOTHES.

I should imagine that there is scarcely a writer on men's dress who has not at some time or another recommended his readers to store their clothes away from time to time.

The reason generally given for this procedure is that the fibres of the cloth regain their original shape and form, and consequently after the rest the garment looks better than it did.

Undoubtedly there is truth in this theory, and it would be worth while giving your clothes such a periodical respite to accomplish this alone, but there is another reason why you should rest your suits away at times, for you will find that you like your clothes better after they have been folded up and put away in a drawer for a month or two.

Novelty counts for much in the matter of clothes, both in your opinion and in the opinion of those who look at you.

If a suit is worn daily, you presently get tired of it, but if you put it out of sight for a bit you unearth it again with some pleasure.

It seems more interesting, more like a new suit; it pleases you better. It also pleases your friends, for they get tired of your suit just as much as you do yourself.

After all, we dress to please other people as well as ourselves, and their opinion is worth being considered.

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All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 67, Long Acre, London.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Gentleman's best new Dressing Gown; cost 50s.; What offers.—Box 898, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Dark Overcoat, 10s.; black Frock Coat and Vest, 15s.; 5ft. 9in., 40-in. chest, good condition.—Box 899, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Large box of Gentleman's Clothing to be disposed of to clear, 30s. lot; also smart overcoat, 17s 6d.—Box 900, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Roller Skates.—Winslow's ball-bearing; adjustable; used once; perfect condition; sell 9s.—F. Easton, 24, Berry Street, Spring Hill, Burnley, Lancashire.

Gem Air Rifle.—New; 7s. 6d. Pair of Spring Dumb-bells; 6s. 6d. Also Motor Cycle, £14.—Particulars, Box 895, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For Sale.—Cheap Rod, reel, line, fly book, with flies, casts, all in good condition. What offers?—Box 896, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Physical Culture.—See Inch's advertisement, page 16.

RIDING AND DRIVING.

Wanted.—A good Gig Umbrella, cheap for cash.—Box 901, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For Sale.—New Buggy; rubber tyres; trimmed in green; fit horse 15 hands.—Box 902, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SADDLERY.

Wanted.—Gentlemen's and Ladies' Saddles; medium size; good maker; good condition.—Box 903, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For Sale, Cheap.—Set double Harness and set single cob harness; good condition; both brass mounted; 2 men's saddles, 3 bridles. What offers?—Box 904, "The Modern Man, 67, Long Acre, London.

Saddle, Bridle, and complete set of general officer's full dress Horse Furniture; by Whippy; hardly used; price £15.—Box 905, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

"DIGS."

Brighton.—Wanted, comfortable Bed-sitting-room, facing sea; terms must be moderate.—Box 906, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Very pretty, ivy-clad House to be Let for six months from September 1st; furnished; in charming grounds of about ¾-acre; four reception rooms, five bedrooms, bath room, etc., and usual domestic offices; stabling or motor garage.—Mornington Lodge, Old Southgate, N.

CYCLES.

Gentleman's Bicycle.—Good second-hand; £2 10s.—Box 907, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gentleman's Cycle.—Free wheel, brakes, plated rims, new; absolute bargain, £3.—Box 908, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gentleman's 23-in. frame Cycle.—Down frame, free wheel, rim brake, splendid tyres, enamel and plate as new, easy running; great bargain, 55s.—Box 909, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—A good second-hand Trailer or Side Car.—Box 910, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—26in. Front Wheel with 1¼in. rim; for cushion tyre; wood rim preferred.—Box 924, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

See O'Brien's Advertisement, page 21.

MUSIC.

Very old dark Violin.—Exceptionally rich tone; excellent condition; must sell; £3 10s.; or exchange entertained; a sacrifice.—Box 911, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—Violin; must be good tone; with case, bow, etc.; good condition and cheap.—Particulars, Box 912, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Fine American Organ for sale.—Walnut case; ornamental bevelled mirror; 9 stops; knee swells; vox humana; rich tone; bargain, £6 10s.—Box 913, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

B flat Clarionet.—Nearly new; patent C sharp; Barrett action; metal joints; seven ebonite rollers and mouthpiece; bargain, £4.—Box 914, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

DOGS.

Bulldog.—Beautiful fawn; black mask; weight 55lbs.; splendid disposition; champion pedigree; price £5 to a good home; no dealers; owner going abroad.—Box 915, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Very handsome Bull-mastiff dog Puppy.—Dark brindle; massive head and limbs; both parents dead game; 30s.—Box 916, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

A handsome dark sable Collie dog.—18 months; splendid guard; good manners, and kind with children; no vice whatever when loose; will retrieve nicely; could not wish for a better companion; what offers? Write Box 917, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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Five Pounds per Week and upwards earned by Advertisement Writers; opportunities for ambitious people; prospectus post free.—(Dept. 38), Page-Davis Advertising School, 15, Oxford St., London, W.

To Clerks, etc.—Write like copper-plate and your position is secure; complete lessons of new simple method, postal order, 1s.—Box 897, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

POULTRY YARD.

50-Egg Incubator.—In perfect working order; 28s.; just finished hatching.—Box 878, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—Bone Cutter, Grit Crusher, Typewriter; exchange 1907 and 1908 black rock hens.—Box 879, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—Cramming Machine; must be cheap.—Box 918, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Training Basket.—Holds 25 birds; 7s. 6d.; offers exchange.—Box 919, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Four pairs of pure white Fantail Pigeons.—Pure-bred; May birds, 1909; 14s. to clear.—Box 920, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Phipp's Perfection Incubator and Foster Mothers.—60-egg size; perfect condition; £3.—Box 921, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

STAMPS.

For Sale.—500 Foreign Stamps, 4s.; 5,000 English, 3s.—Box 884, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Collection.—4,600 in two Standard Albums; good specimens.—Box 885, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Very good Collection of choice Stamps, numbering 2,000, in Album; catalogue price £40; sell £4 10s.—Box 880, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Old Collection.—In Album; 1,651 varieties; including Cape triangular, etc.; accept 25s., or offers.—Box 881, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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Wanted.—Cape triangulars, in good condition and cheap; deposit on approval.—Particulars to Box 883, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Exceptional Opportunity.—Over 600 Stamps (mostly Colonial); in album; what offers? German hollow-ground razor, 3s. 6d.—Box 893, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Three 1d. used King Edward VII. Land stamps (Shackleton Expedition).—Guaranteed genuine; what offers?—Box 922, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Excellent Collection Stamps in Lincoln Album.—Good condition; 2,625 varieties; many scarce and rare.—Box 923, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MEDICAL.

Certain Cure for Tender and Sweaty Feet, P.O. 7d.—S. Thompson, 2, Jennens Row, Birmingham.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 685, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

To Farmers.—Young Gentleman; tall; used to horses; is willing to give services on farm at week-ends in return for board; would pay own railway fare if necessary.—Box 894, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Lad, 17.—Typewriting and shorthand; best references; wants situation as junior clerk or office boy.—Box 925, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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TRADE.

Genuine Sheffield Special Hollow-ground Razors.—Black handles, 2s. 9d.; white, 3s.; post free; satisfaction guaranteed.—Harry Hinchliffe, Stanley Road, Sheffield.

Useful Wedding Present.—Handsome E.P.N.S. Cake Basket; post free, 7s. 6d.—Withington, Fancy Goods Dealer, Cannock.

Charles Stewart's first offer.—Strong Leather Case, fitted with two military hairbrushes, 6s. 6d., post paid. Sportsman Cigarette Case enclosed free. The Sportsman Cigarette Case embossed with a bloodhound head at corner; 2s., post paid.—Box 824, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Fountain Pen.—Very fine; solid gold nib; only 2s.—Box 842, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Handsome Gent's Double Simulation Gold Albert.—1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—Wellworth & Co., Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

Watches.—Ladies' or Gents'; silver; perfect timekeepers; 7s. each; ditto in gold, 13s. 6d. each.—Box 840, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Safety Razor, with extra blades.—Satisfaction guaranteed; 2s. 6d.—Box 841, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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Frames, Cigarette Boxes, Mirrors, etc.—Made from the black oak of Nelson's ship, the "Bellorophon," for sale; prices on application.—Box 896, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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